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The Failure of a Mission

THE breaking-point in the Teheran talks came on an issue which was not in itself of fundamental importance, but was evidently regarded by Mr. Stokes as the touchstone of Persian willingness to negotiate a settlement on any basis acceptable to the British Government. On Tuesday, in an effort to bring to a head talks which threatened to drag on timelessly while British supervisory staff progressively dwindled, he selected one point among those under discussion and demanded an immediate and definite answer. Did the Persians agree that the chief oil executive in Persia should be British? Late on Wednesday, after meetings of Majlis and Cabinet, Dr. Moussadeq said "No." Mr. Stokes thereupon decided to return to London: his mission had failed. But, even if the Persians had conceded this test point, it by no means follows that a general agreement would have been reached; indeed, the Persian Cabinet would hardly have been so adamant in rejecting a sole British general manager if they had not decided in any case to reject Mr. Stokes' proposals as a whole.

The main provisions of the plan which Mr. Stokes presented to Dr. Moussadeq on August 13 were, first, that all the assets in Persia of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company should be sold, that is, "transferred under compensation arrangements," to a Persian State enterprise to be entitled the National Iranian Oil Company. Secondly, A.I.O.C. (perhaps under a new name) would purchase from N.I.O.C., at the Persian port, both crude and refined oil and products, transport them and sell them in the world market. Thirdly, the British company, in agreement with N.I.O.C., would establish inside Persia an operating agency to be responsible for running the technical side of the industry, both in the oil-fields and in the Abadan refinery. The staff of this agency would be supplied by the British company, but there would be a number of Persian directors.

The British case for the plan was that, since the Persian State was to become the titular owner, not merely of the oil in the ground and the pipelines, but also of the immensely valuable Abadan refinery, the Nationalisation Law of March 20 was complied with in all material respects. Further, in return for an offer to make over to Persia assets in which huge sums of British capital had been invested, Britain was entitled to assurances that the future technical administration of the industry would be such that the purchasing company could rely on adequate and uninterrupted supplies; and this must involve a system of management in which British personnel would admittedly play a preponderant part. To all this the Persian reaction appears to have been that the plan would create conditions in which Persia would still be substantially in the position of a "colonial" country exploited by foreign capital. That is to say, though N.I.O.C. would nominally control a nationalised oil industry inside Persia, the British purchasing company could still exercise a stranglehold over marketing outlets and would still be able, through the operating agency, to dominate both refining and field development.

In this plan, as outlined a few days later by Mr. Stokes, there were clearly a number of loose ends. For example, it was not made clear how much the Persian Government was to pay for the transferred assets, nor what security it was to provide if payment were to be spread over a number of years. Again, the financial relations between the operating agency and the British company seemed to require clarification; apparently the intention was that the agency should cover only its bare cost, and that the eventual proceeds of sales of oil and products in world markets should be divided, after deduction of transport and marketing expenses, between the British company and N.I.O.C. As distributor, the British company was seemingly to have a twenty-five year contract, but how far it was to be the sole outlet for Persian oil was not precisely defined.

For the moment it looks as if nationalist feelings in Persia have been too strong to allow acceptance of what Mr. Stokes clearly felt was a "businesslike" deal. It is conceivable that it might have made a difference if the British plan had conceded to N.I.O.C. the right of independent administration in the oil-fields, as opposed to the refinery; but, given present tempers in Teheran, even this is doubtful. The tragedy is that the negotiations were delayed so long. Had such an offer been made before the death of Razmara, or even before Moslem terrorism had begun to exert such an ascendancy over the mind of his successor, the chances of a settlement would have been good. By August, 1951, the offer came too late.

Cease-Talk at Kaesong

The Kaesong talks have stopped. During the past week the Communists had repeatedly accused the Americans of breaking the truce. At first these charges seemed mere counters to the original U.S. complaints of Communist troop movements near Kaesong; but Thursday's accusation that U.S. planes had bombed within the truce area was of a more serious character.

General Ridgway has rebutted it; but the talks are "suspended." The truth seems to be that the U.N. "limited offensive," launched last week-end, meant that hopes of a cease-fire had vanished. The Chinese have found the excuse for saying so. The bloody war goes on.

The Defence of MacArthur

Although the Senate Committee which conducted the MacArthur inquiry has decided not to issue an official report, eight of its Republican members have published what is virtually a minority report. Since this group includes such stalwart defenders of General MacArthur and of Chiang Kai-shek as Senators Knowland, Cain, Bridges and Brewster, it is scarcely surprising that it denounces the Administration for "indecision, irresolution and equivocation"; insists that the U.S. troops in Korea have been given "no clear goal of victory" and that, should the Kaesong talks break down, the U.N. will have no choice but to carry out MacArthur's programme; and argues that, though the President was technically able to dismiss MacArthur, the reasons given for his dismissal were "utterly inadequate." The Senators go on to warn against "Munich-like respites" in Korea. Finally, Mr. Acheson is once more singled out for attack, as the architect of an American foreign policy which has aimed "primarily to conciliate our associates . . . rather than to advance U.S. security."

This diatribe, which seeks to make as much political capital as possible from the MacArthur hearings, has properly been repudiated by Senator Morse, a liberal Republican member of the inquiring Committee, who insists that Mr. Truman was both right and justified in dismissing MacArthur. Yet, despite the rapid decline in MacArthur's prestige, the fact remains that there is a hard core of irreconcilables in Congress who have in no sense been bought off by the Administration's concessions to MacArthur, including the vast increase in military aid to Formosa.

How Much for What?

Congress is now in the throes of its annual appropriations scramble, and it is making little pretence of careful scrutiny of the Defence accounts, which now total more than $56 billion. The Pentagon, in fact, is to be given more or less what it has asked. It is doubtful, moreover, whether the controversial Foreign Aid Bill has been examined in any greater detail, or whether much attention has been paid to the specific requirements of the countries to which help is to be given. But this is an issue upon which Congressmen and Senators feel strongly on *a priori* grounds. The House has already trimmed $1 billion from Mr. Truman's request for $8.5 billions, and even this cut was too modest for eighty Republicans and twenty Democrats who voted against the final passage of the Bill. A large part of Congress is now in a mood where it will help pay European pipers who are willing to produce divisions for N.A.T.O. but is unwilling to put any more money either into economic aid or into countries which it feels are lagging behind the sacrifices made by the U.S., both in manpower and taxes. From now on, payment by results will replace payment for promises.

This mood is unlikely to be offset by the tone of President Truman's comments on President Shvernik's message to Congress. Since the U.S.S.R. continues to flout the authority of the U.N., supports aggression, does nothing "constructive" to help settle the future of Germany, Japan and Austria, assists subversive movements, and violates human rights and liberties, Congress must find the money to resist it. The American search for strength continues; the American policy becomes more rigid; and neither President nor Congress have a better plan than the largest arms budget in history.

Provocation and Counter Provocation

Pakistan clearly feels that the preparations for the elections to the Kashmir assembly in the early part of September amount to a refusal of the promised plebiscite by India. If once Abdullah has the backing of an Assembly based on a majority vote in the Vale of Kashmir, Karachi argues that it will be impossible effectively to rally world sentiment, expressed in Uno, against the *fait accompli*. Threats of invasion are therefore freely made in Pakistan. We look to the Pakistan Premier to save his country from such fatal folly. Indian opinion has been less fanatical. But the contagion spreads, and this week, in the heat of the campaign, the Deputy Premier of Kashmir is reported to have asserted that when Abdullah's position was confirmed by a majority vote, the rest of Kashmir would have to be "freed." This, if correctly reported, is a most dangerous and provocative remark; it amounts to a threat to invade the mountain passes of Northern Kashmir and to start a war against the Poonchis who fought bravely and with such good cause against the oppressive rule of Sir Hari Singh. We know that the responsible leaders of India are opposed to any such wickedness and we hope that both Pundit Nehru and Sheik Abdullah will immediately and emphatically repudiate the Deputy Premier.

Seretse and Tshekedi

Mr. Gordon-Walker's three observers in the Bamangwato Reserve, having failed to secure even a hearing in *kgotla* for Tshekedi Khama or his leading supporters, can scarcely avoid reporting on their return that Tshekedi's personal unpopularity is sufficient at present to warrant his exclusion from the tribe. Mr. Gordon-Walker will thus be in the position, unusual for Ministers, of being able to say, I told you so. But behind the overt demonstrations of Tshekedi's unpopularity lies a more significant fact which has been partly obscured by the farcical stories of the observers' conduct of their mission. There is no doubt that the great majority of the Bamangwato is unwilling to receive Tshekedi—even as a private citizen—in the absence of Seretse. There is every indication that Seretse is overwhelmingly desired as Chief; and the tribe has taken advantage of the opportunity offered it to turn the observers' mission into an impressive demonstration in favour of his return. What then is Mr. Gordon-Walker to do? If he clings to his present misguided policy, he discredits himself and the Government not only in the eyes of the Bamangwato, but among liberal-minded people everywhere. If he admits his error and confirms Seretse Khama in the Chieftainship, he incurs the displeasure of Dr. Malan and most Europeans in South Africa. His dilemma is the more awkward for all the publicity which it has been given; but that is his own fault. The original banishment of Seretse was a disgraceful concession to racial prejudice and the excuses made for it were derisory. The only right course now is to restore Seretse as Chief and risk Dr. Malan's hostility. In this action Mr. Gordon-Walker would find world opinion decisively on his side.

The Funeral of Wage Restraint

The annual report of the General Council of the T.U.C., published this week, gives decent burial to the long defunct policy of wage restraint. For the first time since Sir Stafford Cripps's original appeal, the General Council admits that it is unreasonable to invite trade unionists to accept pegged wages in a world where prices are rising every week. This is no more than facing facts. Indeed the General Council would have met certain defeat on this issue at the forthcoming Congress if the report had said less. It is less clear whether the economic section of the report will, as it is, be endorsed. There is still a good deal of confusion in the guidance offered to the rank and file; and this confusion arises no doubt from divergences of view. The report, for instance, accepts that "in the present situation trade unions must endeavour to maintain the real wages of their members by demanding wage increases." It goes on to warn that this "is not likely to be possible for workers as a whole" and to concede that the rearmament programme will, for the present, mean a fall in general living standards. It then calls on the Government "to establish as soon as possible a new and more stable level of prices"; but recognises that the Chancellor has deliberately chosen a policy which places the emphasis on the rise in prices rather than on the rise in taxes, and that the scope for higher scale taxation of big incomes is strictly limited. This is trying to have it all ways at once. If the rearmament bill is to be met it must be paid for very largely out of domestic consumption, by way of higher prices or higher taxes. It is no use bewailing the one and rejecting the other, unless the scale of rearmament itself is called in question. On this the report says nothing, apart from an introductory reference to the duty of a responsible Government to make "adequate provision" for defence. The fact is that Mr. Gaitskell and his supporters on the General Council have led the T.U.C. into a maze from which there is no way out, except by a reduction of the Defence programme. The inconsistencies of the Report should give delegates ample opportunity of exploring this route at Blackpool.

Craftsmen's Complaint

A Correspondent writes: The case of the 400 craftsmen in the Warwickshire coalfield, who have struck in defiance of both the National Coal Board and their leaders, has certain peculiarities of its own, but is nevertheless an instructive example of the widespread discontent among the various grades of craftsmen in the pits. It typifies difficulties inherent in recent changes in mining

technique; and it also involves a real danger to workers' solidarity in the mines. If the N.U.M. falters in its efforts to formulate a new, and more acceptable, wages structure in the pits, the craftsmen may break away into separate unions.

In the "bad old days" of short time, electricians and fitters were regarded as comparatively lucky because their jobs were regular; but now that full employment coincides with coal shortage, the face worker has become the aristocrat of the Lodge and can exercise a preponderant influence on union policy. Craftsmen feel that the growing importance of their work and the far higher standards of skill demanded of them in mechanised pits are inadequately rewarded, and that they cannot make their voices effectively heard in the union. The immediate complaint in the Warwickshire affair is that craftsmen in that area did not benefit from the general wage increases at the beginning of this year, and that the current rate of 25s. a shift is too low—especially as they are now expected to combine the jobs of electrician and mechanic. Their demand is for a wage more closely approximating the 35s. per shift paid to deputies and firemen.

A complication in the dispute is that the Warwickshire craftsmen are already getting better rates than those ruling in other coalfields for the same job: in view of the big demand for the services of skilled electricians and mechanics in other Midland industries, they have had a strong position in bargaining with the Divisional Board. The N.U.M., whose leaders are entitled to argue that the aim of recent wage increases was primarily to raise standards in the worst-off areas, are not unnaturally reluctant to become embroiled in the present strike, and fear that this independent action may be the prelude to similar claims from other colliery grades.

On its side, the N.C.B. has long recognised that the craftsman has grievances, and the well-known Ladder Plan for promotion and rewards was specifically designed to raise the standards of proficiency throughout the industry. Unfortunately, the Plan did not contain new wage rates for the new jobs it delineated. Now, however, the N.C.B. and the N.U.M. have jointly begun the great task, which may well take some years, of hammering out a new wages system to replace the present incoherent structure, which not only varies from coalfield to coalfield but is inconsistent in its application even to different districts within a single pit.

Meanwhile craftsmen are forming themselves into more or less independent groups which are taking an increasingly active part in Lodge meetings and area negotiations. The consequences may be good, or bad: in the leadership of the N.U.M. it is certainly felt strongly that the craftsmen cannot be allowed preferential treatment or be permitted to act separately from other miners. On the other hand, it will be most regrettable if every encouragement is not given to raise technical efficiency; and it is to be hoped that the new team at the head of the N.C.B. will work in the closest possible collaboration with the union to avoid losing valuable craftsmen. The problem of fitting these groups of skilled, but not numerous workers, into the union structure should not be insoluble: relations with the winding-engine men have afforded considerable experience in forming groups within the N.U.M. that can make their voices heard. If it is fair to ask a craftsman to remember that "united we stand" must always be the miner's watchword, the N.U.M. will also do well to bear in mind that delays due to methods of remote control—never a satisfactory method of dealing with human beings—are a serious irritant, even if they are occasionally inevitable.

Two Characters in Search of a Policy

Conservatives, thumbing anxiously through the records of Benjamin Disraeli and the great Lord Salisbury in search of a policy which will be at the same time electorally popular and helpful to the powerful interests on which they depend, have been greatly heartened by a recent speech of Mr. David Eccles, M.P., the Burnhamite banker who sits for Chippenham. Mr. Eccles's speech, widely reported on August 5, is a seductive call for an expanding economy in which we could carry rearmament in our stride. All men of good will—skilled workers, managers, patriotic trade union leaders, professional men of vision—are invited to join together under the banner of a new Conservative Party in a great heave to increase their own personal rewards and "put back that word 'Great' in front of Britain." "The highest common factor of these representative Conservatives," he sums up in a phrase which has already caused some heart-searching in the Clubs, "is not that they own wealth, but that they create wealth."

The explanation of this phraseology, somewhat unexpected from a banker, is to be found in another and refreshingly candid extract from the speech. "If the Socialists can successfully identify us with the rich and themselves with the poor, then, when the heads are counted, they must win." So Mr. Eccles's principal objective is revealed as the simple and comprehensible one of winning an election. In spite of this frank admission of the tactical nature of his ideas, he has none the less struck a shrewd blow for his party. For no recent speech by any of his leaders has half so skilfully exploited the high cost of living, which is the principal grievance of wage-earners, or the feeling of frustration, which has caused so much bitterness among managerial and professional men. Nevertheless the speech is largely devoid of substance because Mr. Eccles refrains from addressing himself to the central problem of how to achieve the rapid expansion of an economy which already carries a well-nigh intolerable burden.

The national income, which has increased at an unprecedented rate in post-war years, is spent in the main on Defence, administration and social services, capital investment and domestic consumption. As Mr. Harold Wilson points out in a letter on another page, the British economy is already overloaded to the detriment of flexibility and efficiency. How then can it be further expanded? The first step would have to be a revision of the capital investment programme and a substantial increase in projects leading to the greater productivity of industry. But where can the saving be made which would make such a course possible? In Defence? Mr. Eccles would, we presume, be no more willing than Mr. Gaitskell to take the risk of a less expensive solution to the problem of peace and war. In Public Administration? Any large-scale administration tends to be self-proliferating; and we do not doubt that marginal savings could be made without drastic changes of policy. But many such savings would merely mean the transfer of a salaried employee from the pay-roll of a public authority to that of a private employer; and, even where genuine savings could be made, the idea that a Food Office clerk or a deputy assistant County Education Officer can be transformed overnight into a coal miner or a blast-furnace operator is far from reality. In fact the social services and domestic consumption are the only two items of expenditure where Mr. Eccles would be both able and willing to make his saving. There is nothing new in this. Mr. Gaitskell could expand the capital investment programme at once if he were not committed to at any rate the basis of the Welfare State. If Mr. Eccles accepts that commitment, he must face the same difficulty.

So his proposal, stripped of its catchpenny phrases, is that capital investment in industry should be allowed to increase and with it wages and dividends. To achieve this without a roaring inflation, Social Services must be cut back—the only method of limiting consumption with sufficient speed and certainty. If some people are to be better off, a great many must be, at least for the present, worse off. History and common sense both suggest that the latter class will comprise the great majority. Mr. Eccles has not, therefore, succeeded in evading his original difficulty—how to persuade the majority of the electorate to vote against its own best interests.

It would, however, be rash to predict that these tactics, with their obvious demagogic appeal, will necessarily fail in the short term. For the Labour Government has been singularly slow to meet the current discontents. The desire for an expanding economy is not, after all, a peculiarly Conservative idea. Indeed the record of our economic recovery since the war, compared with the restrictive and lethargic attitude of Conservative Governments towards both industry and agriculture, is compelling evidence to the contrary. The problem is simply how in present circumstances this desirable expansion can be best achieved. The answer must be to unload from our economy as many as possible of its least productive burdens; and that means the drastic cutting of either social services or Defence. Mr. Eccles is prepared for the former. He can therefore paint a rosy picture of an expanding future trusting—perhaps with reason—that the electorate will fall for the vision without inquiring until too late how it is to be realised. Mr. Gaitskell is prepared for neither. For him the Defence programme is sacrosanct; his party commitments will allow the reduction of social services only piecemeal; and he is consequently forced to accept the erosion of real wages by rising prices. So Mr. Eccles scores by offering at least one course of action in a dilemma which is freezing Mr. Gaitskell as surely as his policies are freezing the rest of us.

Mr. Gaitskell could do something to level the score, even within the limitations set by the present Defence programme, if he would pay more heed to the vision of society seen by his own rank and file. It is a vision of public benefit at least as clear and no less expansive than that of Mr. Eccles. Heavy expenditure on Defence might, at least in theory, be a correct Socialist policy; and if the Government would use the stringencies of rearmament to take

further strides towards a demonstrably more egalitarian society, it would do much to secure the loyalty of wage-earners to a policy which calls for the highest degree of discipline and restraint. As it is, one cannot be surprised if the Gallup Poll figures show a failing enthusiasm for a Labour Government which agrees with the Conservatives in accepting war preparations as axiomatic and pays for them with a policy under which the rich are once again growing richer and the poor poorer.

We believe that Mr. Eccles and Mr. Gaitskell are both wrong. The essential prerequisite of increasing economic expansion, which everyone desires, is progressively to scale down the North Atlantic Defence programme. We advocate this the more confidently because of our belief that the present programmes are not based on any realistic attempt to relieve world tension and achieve a settlement, but rather on American determination to resolve international difficulties by the threat of force. In the sense that the volume of North Atlantic Defence preparations gives strength and impetus for such a policy, their reduction may be also an essential prerequisite for peace.

Common Child

ONE of the strangest features of the Labour Government has been its failure to develop a policy for education to match the reform of medicine which began with the National Health Service. We have at least taken one step towards equality of opportunity for the sick. But in our schools the old complex hierarchy of social status and educational privilege is as firmly rooted as it was in 1945 ; the Government has been content to implement the Butler Act, as though it were a Socialist measure and not a war-time compromise.

This conservatism of Government educational policy has naturally provoked a strong reaction among the minority of Socialists interested in education. Now, as prelude to the Scarborough Conference, the National Executive has issued *A Policy for Secondary Education*, though it is careful to state in its Foreword that this is merely a report of a sub-committee, issued "for information and guidance." Despite this caution, however, the pamphlet does give some idea of the Party's attitude to education.

"If this is to be the century of the common man," declare the authors on their first page, "it must be made the century of the common child." The formulation could not be more unfortunate, and it sets the tone of the whole pamphlet. The authors are much more concerned to abolish privilege in our schools than to improve their standards. It is primarily because they desire "parity of esteem"—for children and teachers alike—that they advocate the abolition of the present triple division of secondary education (grammar schools, technical schools and modern schools) and the substitution of one Comprehensive school for children of all classes and all abilities. This exclusive concentration on "parity of esteem" explains why, although the pamphlet is boldly entitled "A Policy for Secondary Education," the only topic it discusses is the Comprehensive school. The need for a revolution in technical education ; the relevance of "the Humanities," as taught in the grammar schools, to the atomic age ; the future of direct-grant schools, such as Manchester Grammar School, and of the Public and private schools—all these problems are pushed to one side in the determination to make this "the century of the common child."

Since the Comprehensive school is the only distinctive educational proposal which the Labour Party has to offer, it deserves the most careful consideration. Despite the ominous phraseology, the idea behind it is superficially attractive. It is obviously undesirable that the fate of a child should be irrevocably decided by a scholarship taken while it is still under twelve. At first the Labour Party hoped that "multilateralism" would avoid this objection to the present system, by enabling the late developer, who started in the "modern" stream, to be moved to the "grammar" stream, and the child who showed more suitability for technical training to give up Latin and switch over to what he really liked without suffering loss of social status.

But the Labour Party is no longer content with multilateralism—which only means putting the three types of secondary school into a single building under one headmaster. It now wants to abolish the distinction of "grammar," "technical" and "modern" altogether, and to build up a single system, "based on a central core of subjects, common to all, from which branch classes in specialised subjects, taken according to the desires, aptitudes and capacities of the children." No longer will there be three streams, each with its own social status. The Comprehensive school will be an educational unity, catering not for three main types of ability, but for each individual child. Moreover—

> there should be close individual guidance of the child throughout school life. This, it is suggested, should be based on the tutor and house system, in which a child from entry to leaving school would be supervised by a personal tutor. The tutor should meet his charges twice a day. He should consult with parents, supervise the selection of study courses and generally break down the remoteness of a big school. The tutor should be responsible for his group to the housemaster, and should keep up cumulative records and reports.

No one will question that, if we really could create, up and down the country, hundreds of schools of this sort, the New Jerusalem would have dawned ; and the authors of this pamphlet would be right in their prophecy that "fee-paying schools will probably vanish by a gradual process of attrition as parents increasingly send their children to the comprehensive schools." But will the real life Comprehensive schools, now being planned by the London County Council and other authorities, even approximate to the ideal pattern outlined in *A Policy for Secondary Education*? As Plato found to his cost, it is much easier to draw up the blueprint for a Republic than to put it into practice.

The analogy with *The Republic* is indeed closer than at first sight appears. In describing his *Politeia*, Plato copied and idealised the institutions of Sparta, the prime enemy of Athenian civilisation. The authors of this statement of policy have behaved in a similar way. In a strenuous attempt to destroy educational privilege, they have unconsciously idealised the privileged school. The Comprehensive school of their vision is a public Public school, which will give to every child, irrespective of wealth and ability, what Dr. Arnold, a hundred years ago, set out to provide for the rising middle classes. No specialised vocational courses, but a central core of sound teaching and character-building for all the children ; no segregation of an intellectual elite, but a healthy rough-and-tumble ; the house system and personal tuition—it is all there. The Headmasters' Conference should take a bow!

Socialists who are products of the Public school system, however, will remain sceptical. One of the drawbacks of that system—which deliberately mixed boys, of one class but of all levels of ability in a single "comprehensive" school—was its determined philistinism. Except in a handful of famous schools—where scholars are segregated, or where the standard of entrance excludes any boy below scholarship standard—the intellectual level is deplorably low, compared with any first-rate grammar school or French Lycée. The second-rate Public school and "prep" school—and that is the vast majority of them—do not provide first-rate education, despite the small size of the classes, the selection of the pupils by the Headmaster, and the house system. They fail to do so precisely because they are "comprehensive," as contrasted, for instance, with Manchester Grammar School, which creams off the ablest boys from a huge conurbation, and segregates them for the course of their school lives. Nothing would be more ironical than if Socialist educationists, in an attempt to abolish class education, succeeded in universalising the worst aspects of the Public school—its ironing out of talent and individuality, its cult of athleticism and its contempt for the "swot." But are not these precisely the characteristics which the products of a second-rate Comprehensive school are likely to display?

Of course, just as Public schools vary according to their clientele and the quality of their teaching staff, there will be differences between one Comprehensive school and another. The schools in a homogeneous working-class suburb of Glasgow, for instance, in a middle-class area of North London and in feudal Sussex will all reflect the social environment outside. And, if ever the Comprehensive school did become the normal pattern, we should repeat the experience of the U.S., where parents frequently choose the road where they live, in order to give their children "the right sort of school." For the blunt fact is that the school by itself cannot create the classless society. Unless the Headmaster and the parents are quite exceptional, what it does is to accentuate class feeling.

But there is a yet more fundamental fallacy in the Comprehensive vision. Bent exclusively on abolishing educational privilege, it overlooks the prime necessity of improving our deplorable academic standards—deplorable both in the privileged and in the State system—and of

giving the gifted child of all classes a chance of free development. If our children are to build Socialism, we should not concentrate our energies on running up scores of "classless" Public schools and bestowing a universal old school tie. The first requirement of real Social Democracy is a change in the status of technical education, which will make it the social equal of the old Humanities, and for this we need Institutes of Technology on a level with the ancient Universities, such as are to be found in Switzerland and the U.S.A. In the second place, there must be a revolution in the *content* of grammar school teaching, which will make it relevant to a scientific age, and not the esoteric culture of a managerial elite. And, thirdly, we must integrate all the independent schools worth preserving within the State system on the basis of competitive public examination, in order to provide equality of opportunity to gifted children of all classes. But, to accept these goals, the Labour Party would have to undergo a mental revolution. It would have to start worrying about the content of education, as distinct from its social forms. And it would have to believe that intellectual training is as important as "character." Of this mental revolution there is as yet no sign.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

London Diary

IT is a moot point whether anyone ever did more harm in his life than William Randolph Hearst. He was, I suppose, the biggest and most successful of those who have degraded the fine job of news-giving and interpretation to the level of stunt advertising. Hearst could claim a good measure of responsibility for at least one war. The fact that he persistently vilified Britain is of minor importance; that was merely a product of his discovery that it pays to help people to hate each other. It had, however, the effect of making people in America believe the oddest rubbish about England—often annoying to a British visitor who had to spend his time correcting most obvious nonsense about the Empire, thereby earning the reputation of being a British Imperialist, without ever having time to get down to the real business of discussing what was wrong with imperialism. I recall a taxi driver high up on Park Avenue turning round to me and saying: "Why don't you British get off the backs of the Canadians?" He thought we lived on taxes paid to the Exchequer from Ottawa. By the time we were down town I was warm with explaining the difference between a Colony and a Dominion, but I fear I had not even begun to persuade him that the Canadians were not writhing under a modern incarnation of George III. Hearst, as I recall, seldom attacked the bad things in Britain or anywhere else. He mainly misrepresented what was good, and he did more than anyone else in America to inculcate the childish view that countries and individuals are either good or bad and to be judged by whether or not they are pro-American or anti-American. When I was last in the United States all the Japanese were "yellow bastards." I tried vainly to argue that neither they nor the Germans ought all to be exterminated. To-day the sadists of Auschwitz and the torturers of the Jungle Railway are splendid fellows to be entrusted with arms because they know a Red when they see one. As for those of us in Britain who love the fine traditions of America and complain when they are degraded, we are punished for our discrimination by being anathematised as anti-American.

* * *

I have been making inquiries about the recent trial in Warsaw of four Polish Generals and five other officers. They were charged with high treason, espionage on behalf of Western Imperialism and all the other usual frills. Two of the men concerned were General Tatar and Colonel Utnik, members of the Polish General Staff during the war who decided in 1946 to forsake Mikolajczyk in favour of the new Communist regime. Both came bearing gifts; Tatar was able to make available for Warsaw a large sum of money in foreign currency which had been originally allocated to the Home Army. Utnik, a reliable informant tells me, was able in 1947 to produce a photostat of a letter from the Foreign Office to Mikolajczyk definitely recognising Poland's right to the Oder-Neisse line just at the moment when Ernest Bevin was hoping, in view of the Communist character of the new Polish administration, to regard our recognition of the new Polish frontiers as merely provisional. Both these officers have made statements implicating General Kuropieska who, as Military Attaché in England after the war, was peculiarly responsible for carrying out what was then the Polish Government's policy of encouraging pre-war officers to return to service in Poland. Not unnaturally, some of the officers who have returned have not been wholly favourable to the Communist regime, and so General Kuropieska is charged with being a party to a conspiracy in which all the accused are supposed to have tried to create in Poland "a Fascist regime on the Yugoslav pattern." Even more important, the charge of attempting to infiltrate the Polish Army with reactionary officers was also levelled at General Spychalski, a former Vice-Minister of Defence, who was removed two years ago from the Polish Politbureau at the same time as Gomulka, then Secretary-General of the Polish Communist Party.

* * *

No one outside the Polish Politbureau can say how far there was really a conspiracy and how far the accused were only guilty of wanting Poland to be independent and not merely a Soviet satellite. The object, as usual, has been to show that all opposition and criticism of the Government is mere treachery and espionage. There is no clue about what is fact and what is fiction; if there are facts against the accused they would certainly be kept secret. The peculiar interest of the trial is that it is thought to be a preliminary to a big trial of Gomulka after the style of the Rajk trial in Hungary and the Kostov trial in Bulgaria. Gomulka, who four years ago when I saw him in Warsaw was the most important Communist outside Moscow, still holds some minor office and is said, so far, to have been preserved from arrest and trial by having earned the personal approbation of Molotov. I remember a long talk with him in his Warsaw office. I was introduced to him because he was the toughest, most consistent, honest-to-Marx of all Polish Communists. Russia at the time of my visit had just refused to take part in the Paris Conference on the Marshall Plan and had also prevented Poland and Czechoslovakia from doing so. I started the conversation by suggesting that it was equally good Marxism for the Soviet world to pursue a policy of limited co-operation with the West. Gomulka interrupted with the ominous comment that there could only be one Marxist interpretation. Now, if reports are true, the real reason for his disgrace is that he has held just the opposite theory; that he is an incipient Titoist, a Polish Communist who considers the interests of Poland and does not assume that Moscow's view must always be infallible.

* * *

I would have liked to have been not only a diarist but also a painter and an actor, a Casanova (though sometimes I prefer the idea of being a saint) and—oh! a whole lot of other things—including, I've discovered, an archeologist. But then, of course, none of us ever have time nowadays to imitate clever fellows like Franklin and Jefferson who were always inventing, farming, designing, going off to France or writing a declaration of independence when they had nothing else on their hands. The strange thing is that they found the time, though they had to spend so much of it riding on horses and writing long manuscript letters, whereas we can always hop on to an aeroplane and send a radiogram over the telephone. What a lot of time I save, I said to myself, when I drove into Kent the other day, and got out of the car to watch two women scratching in a hole just off one of Canterbury's narrow streets! Why can't I use some of the time I save to do something interesting like this? These women were not professionals. On the contrary they were school teachers from Liverpool who happened to hear a radio talk on archæology and, deciding that this was the way to spend their holiday, wrote to the British Archæological Society, which sent them a list of current diggings. And there they were in Canterbury scraping the earth from the floor of a Saxon hut, learning the job as they went along, intending during the winter to go to evening classes so that next summer they could tackle something bigger. Enviously I said that digging for treasure seemed a splendid occupation for a summer day. They took off two more spoonfuls of earth. I said that theirs seemed a better holiday idea than fishing. Two heads bent over a fragment of a pot and nodded agreement. I saved a lot more time by driving back very fast to London.

* * *

Here are two quotations from our local press which demonstrate better than books of exposition the peculiar confusion of the Western World about marriage and divorce. The first (*Daily Mail*, August 10) quotes Mr. Frank Sinatra speaking in Reno:

> My wife has been perfectly swell about the divorce. I will probably charge mental cruelty.

The second is from an account of a recent

case in our Courts quoted in the *Daily Telegraph* (August 15):

If unhappiness was a ground for divorce he would grant a decree immediately. But the whole sanctity of marriage would be gone when the day came when the granting of a divorce for unhappiness was permitted.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

Opening of the grouse shooting yesterday was celebrated by Lord Armstrong by shooting a rabbit from inside the house.—*Newcastle Journal.* (Harry D. Thorne.)

". . . And a body corporate shall not be deemed for the purposes of this section to cease to be resident in the United Kingdom by reason only that it ceases to exist.—*Extract from Section* 36 (10) *Finance Act*, 1951. (Louis Cohen.)

Mrs. — began her speech by saying that she had the greatest respect for the Bishop and his utterances, but she was bound to say that in all her wide experience she had never met a less ruttish bishop.—*Parish Magazine.* (J. M. Wallace.)

Mr. Uffa Fox, the yacht designer, who successfully crewed for the Duke of Edinburgh earlier this week, has been startling other competitors at Cowes by steering his yacht Flying Fox from a saddle. He has been known to crack a whip at those who dare to pass him.—*Daily Telegraph.* (T. W. Brown.)

Could not cups of strong tea be called the English *vin du pays*?—*Sunday Times.* (B. Gould.)

A Minister of Supply spokesman said last night: "Patrol launches have orders not to order trawlers away from the area. They merely inform the skippers that they are in an area where bombing is about to commence. They usually co-operate by moving."—*Daily Express.* (C. Stuart Roberts.)

BLENHEIM REVISITED

It was a Summer's evening;
Still sitting in the sun
Old Kaspar waffled on and on
As he had always done,
And by him sported on the green
Lord Marlborough and Prince Eugene.

Lord Marlborough was rather bored—
He couldn't understand
Old Kaspar's tales of Lake Success
And Bechuanaland;
He said: "I can't make any sense
Out of this Famous Conference."

"These tribesmen," said the aged man,
"These Uno delegates
In Africa—no—no, it was
In the United States. . . .
Dear me—what *was* it all about?—
Agreed that they would keep him out."

"But Kaspar dear," said Prince Eugene,
"Your wits are very dim;
Why did this Uno—Kgotla—Thing
Impose this ban on *him*?
Can't you remember who or where
Except that someone wasn't there?"

"China," said Kaspar, "claimed a seat,
But—on the other hand—
The tribes would not agree to this
In Bechuanaland.
They kicked him down the stairs; and then
They could talk peace like gentlemen."

"But what good came of it at last?"
Asked Marlborough once more,
"Queen Anne could teach these simpletons
The way to stop a war."
"It wouldn't do," old Kaspar said,
"And furthermore, the Queen is dead."

REGINALD REYNOLDS

Crisis in the Protectorates

1. PLENTY OF CONSERVATION . . .

IF you drive eastward from Bloemfontein for an hour or so, you raise a range of little crested hills upon the long blue skyline of the High Veld. After Thaba Nchu, where Dr. Moroka, the President of the African National Congress, practises as a doctor but is seldom or never visible to strangers, you get among these hills only to perceive beyond them another and higher range, and at last, beyond these again, the shadow of steep mountains in a violet haze. After a while you cross the Caledon River, a grubby little stream, and are halted by a barrier across the road. An African policeman in khaki drill and a pinned-up "wideawake" bonnet lifts the barrier after taking the number of your car. This is Basutoland, one of His Majesty's three Protectorates in southern Africa; and there, at the top of the hill, lies the capital, Maseru, a score of clustered white houses and a flag.

The drama of Basutoland is physical. Beyond Maseru the road peters out after thirty miles or so: from the neck of the pass above its ending you can see the first of the five great lateral ranges which run down this country from north to south; these ranges you can cross only by pack-horse and pony (unless by aeroplane, three times a week, to Ladysmith beyond the Drakensberg). Basutoland is not in the least "forbidden territory": for all that, it has something of Tibet in its remoteness and difficulty of access. The people do not ride on llamas: what is scarcely less remarkable among the Africans of southern Africa, they do not walk either—man, woman and child, they ride on sturdy cross-bred ponies which give them a dignity and prestige not to be found anywhere else in these parts.

Most of their blessings the Basuto acknowledge to their great chief Moshesh, dead now these eighty years. It was Moshesh who assembled the tribal fragments whom the blood-lusted Zulu shattered, first at a rallying point near Leribe, farther to the north, and later on the mountain fortress of Thaba Bosiu, a flat-topped crag big enough to graze large herds, that neither Zulu impis, Boer commandos, nor British regiments could seize, though they all tried. Moshesh was not only wise in war: in 1868, understanding that the Whites could also fall out among themselves, he asked for and received the protection of the White Queen. By then the Boers had taken from these tribes, which formed the Basuto nation, all the rich plainlands to the east; thanks to British protection, they afterwards remained secure in their mountains.

Then came the refugees from the peonage of the Orange Free State; and with them there came the goats. Between these two the red grasslands of Basutoland were steadily eroded until, by the 'thirties, the outlook seemed one of hopeless poverty. At this point the British Administration, traditionally content to regard Basutoland as nothing more than a convenient reservoir of cheap labour for the goldfields of the Rand, threw up four men of action. Verney eliminated sheep-scab by gigantic personal efforts which included the establishment of 350 sheep dips; Thornton, beginning in 1935, began to demonstrate methods of soil conservation through contour-ridges, rain buffers and dams; Collett, encouraged by King, took over from Thornton and carried on this work until to-day he has reached the point when all but a fifth of the agricultural land of the country is protected from further erosion. By 1953, he thinks, this labour will be finished. King, Collett, and one or two like them have probably done more to save South Africa from the encroaching desert than any others of their time, for Basutoland, where they have worked so well, holds the headwaters of the Orange River and some of the head-tributaries of the Vaal: Basutoland is the great watershed without the saving of which South Africa itself can scarcely be saved. An American authority, Dr. Lowdermilk, has described this work of conservation as "the finest I have seen in Africa south of the Sahara."

A day spent with Collett, who is as modest as most men of his kind, which is very modest indeed, was enough to show some of the results. We saw how whole hillsides in this wide and silent land, where shadows and strips of sunlight chase each other across range after range, had become little better than bare rock. We saw red-ribbed gullies, many yards deep, where only fifteen or twenty years ago the grass was smooth and whole. Collett showed us how the Basuto peasants are being taught to sow strips of thick tufted grass along the contour at "vertical intervals" of every six feet or so; how the ploughing nowadays goes *along* the contour and not down it; how grass strips to "buffer" the rains are being grown along the crests of hills; how dams are being built across *dongas*, and *dongas* planted with spreading poplars, wattles, and other soil-holding trees. All these things, Collett explained, were to dam the downward flow of torrential rain water, to slow it up sufficiently for the soil to absorb some of the water instead of itself being sucked up and carried away. This is the first stage in soil conservation; the second is to build up fertility. So the process of slowing up the downward flow of water is followed by another, which consists largely in declaring the conserved area as temporarily banned for grazing. Newly-planted meadows of Kikuyu grass can become a rich and permanent sward within five years; and Kikuyu grass, Collett holds, could be the saving of South Africa.

"And how do you get these results?"

"The tribal system. We couldn't do a thing without that. We explain these methods to the chiefs, and the chiefs pass down our orders to the villages, and see that the orders are carried out."

"And do the people co-operate willingly? Do they understand the advantages they get?"

"On the whole, no. That is, they co-operate willingly, but they'd drop the whole thing to-morrow if we didn't constantly watch them."

And the reasons for this reply, which can be taken as both expert and well-disposed, raise by far the most interesting problem in Basutoland or indeed in any of the Protectorates. Most worthwhile opinions on the technical level, I found, were agreed that the Basuto peasants are little more than passive spectators in the conservation of their own country. They obey the orders transmitted through their chiefs; very often, though, they and their chiefs afterward transgress them or fail to draw the right conclusions from them. Perversity? Benighted ignorance? No: the Basuto people is neither stupid nor perverse. Whatever it thinks of the British, it does not hate them and fear them as the Africans of the Union hate their White masters. It tolerates the British; it even rather likes the British. It is violently averse to changing British for South African rule. Even the few I found who were bitterly critical of British administration were firm on this point: they do *not* want to go into the Union. Anything rather than that.

Then what prevents the Basuto from taking

soil conservation to their hearts? There is nothing mysterious about the answer; for the answer is just plain poverty. The Basuto peasant, odd though it may sound, simply cannot afford soil conservation. His sources of income are two, and only two: he can go to the goldfields and he can graze livestock. It seems generally agreed of Basutoland what Professor Schapera has said authoritatively of Bechuanaland—that "about four men in five have either been abroad in the past or are still away." There is in fact a steady permanent migration, of unknown proportions, into the Union. About half the people's income may come from wage remittances by migrants: in 1943, the last figure I have, 74 per cent. of Basuto miners sent part of their wages home to their families in the Protectorate.

The second thing the Basuto can do is to graze sheep or cattle. And it is at this point that soil conservation undertaken within the framework of the tribal system becomes self-defeating. For the tribal system here, as elsewhere, is one of social inequality: the chiefs and their friends have customary tenure of much land, the mass of the people has it of little or none. Leaving aside the many peasants who hold customary tenure of no land at all, I am told that the average peasant holding is about seven acres; yet the minimum needed to supply a family with sustenance, according to expert calculations, is about thirteen acres. In order to achieve the advance in agricultural technique which is required if soil conservation is to be maintained and exploited, it would be necessary to institute a large reform in land-holding. The technical enthusiasts of the British Administration see this very well: they also see—and their political colleagues soon enlighten them if they don't—that to take land away from chiefs will be to disorganise the very system of authority upon which conservation—and the whole system of "indirect rule"—is now founded.

The maintenance and exploitation of soil conservation also demands something else—a reduction in the claimants to land. It involves, that is, some form of non-agricultural development which could absorb a large number of Basuto peasants. This, too, would involve the "detribalisation" of a part of the Basuto and their permanent settlement in towns. To some extent, haphazardly and cruelly, this already happens through "leakage" into the Union—the urban settlements around Johannesburg, for example, are full of Basuto emigrants, in many cases the most energetic and intelligent of those available. But it does not happen in Basutoland.

And this is where the achievements of conservation in Basutoland—admirable though they are within their limits—pall before the bottomless failure of the British to develop these territories. This is the failure that every careful observer, Black or White, has noted in all the Protectorates as the over-riding weakness of British policy. In Basutoland there is the most complete economic stagnation: there is not even a factory for processing native leather or native wool. The very blankets the people wear are made in England or the Union. A road is now being driven into the interior, and hydro-electric schemes on the Orange are under discussion with the Union: but practical results in the growth of local industries are remote.

British protection has conserved the Basuto people and their country, and much the same is true of the other two High Commission territories, of Bechuanaland and Swaziland, and even of Northern Rhodesia. But by refusing to promote development it has also delivered them into the hands of their worst enemies, the Whites of South Africa. The Basuto, if he wants to get into the modern world, has only one road to follow—the road to South Africa.

BASIL DAVIDSON

A.I. and the Farmer

WE call it "artificial insemination" and regard it, most of us, as one of those ambiguous and potentially subversive benefits with which science now provides us at such frequent intervals. But this surely needs analysis. The phrase is misleading, since it fails to distinguish between the technique and its commercial application. Thus, the human ability to insert semen by manual or mechanical methods into the vagina of a female animal is nothing new; the tradition that the ancient Arabs used this practice on mares is, apparently, mere legend, but the successful A.I. experiments on bitches which the Italian scientist Spallanzani performed and recorded in the 1780s are a matter of history. Yet the agricultural use of this principle is a very recent development and cannot be assessed in purely technical terms.

Insemination, whether natural or artificial, is in no way an agricultural end in itself; it is merely a means to the production of more or better stock. The object of the exercise is not just the impregnation of a female animal but her impregnation with a particular type of semen; which implies the convenient existence of a particular type of sire; which implies the convenient existence of the many other things necessary to overcome the difficulties which nature and men have combined to place in the way of the stockbreeder. For one thing, animals are uncompromisingly periodical in their habits and their nuptials are invalid unless celebrated within a very limited period of recurring time—in the case of the cow, the animal with which we in this country are most concerned, once every three weeks. Further, men keep stock on scattered farms and they have developed a large number of different breeds and strains within breeds. Thus, the technique of A.I., to be agriculturally effective, must be backed by reliable methods of collecting, storing and distributing semen from a considerable number of selected bulls. These things the 20th Century has provided.

It was in 1899 that Ivanoff in Russia first applied A.I. to farm animals and in the years before the First World War nearly four hundred of his inseminators were at work on farms. But it was in the bitter days after the Revolution that A.I. came of economic age; here, as elsewhere, challenge begat response. For A.I., to borrow the inappropriate language of medieval philosophy, separates the "essence" from the "accidents" of the sire by rendering his sperm independent of such irrelevancies as his geographical position; seed, in short, is easier to transport than animals. And so, in the Russia of the '20s, the power of the air came to the aid of the men of the land, for the Soviet pilots who flew the future generation of stock to the provinces were neither hindered by the broken bridges and wrecked railways of their derelict transport system nor dismayed by the vast distances of their homeland. By the '30s, the number of Russian cattle artificially inseminated was counted in thousands, the number of sheep in millions. Historical credit, therefore, where historical credit is due; the Russians may not have defeated the Armada or invented the apple tree, but they *were* the first to bring A.I. to the farm. Elsewhere, however, the need was less desperate and interest less applied and, in particular, it was not till the last decade that A.I. services came to the farmers of this country.

Consider the general background. England and Wales are for various climatic reasons peculiarly suited to stock-raising; they contain about a third of a million farms, most of which carry some sort of cattle; and the average unit is, by urban industrial standards, very small indeed. In dairying terms, for instance, there are in England and Wales some 150,000 milk-producing herds of which barely a quarter contain twenty head or more, while well over a third contain less than ten head, the national average being only fifteen head. And now consider the peculiar difficulties in the way of the small farmer. He requires a bull, but he can seldom afford to buy a really good one, and must further spend time and money on housing and feeding him. And in any case a large proportion of his bull-value is of necessity wasted, since nature has enabled the average bull to serve some fifty or sixty cows a year, say three or four times his requirements. Alternatively, he can borrow a bull. But the method is awkward and allows him a very limited choice of sire and a considerable risk of disease. In short, a good bull is at once a substantial capital investment, a deteriorating asset and a heavy overhead charge, so that there are relatively few herds in this country which by their number or quality of their cows can afford to carry one. Most British farms, therefore, do not carry good bulls and this is one of the reasons for the painfully uneven quality of our stock. Our good cattle are among the best in the world but numerically they are but a small proportion of the whole. Hence the importance of A.I., which is the means whereby the functional part of good bulls can reach the smaller farmer at low cost.

The impact of A.I. on British farming, therefore, has been important and interesting, though the artistic value of the story suffers severely from the tedium of merited success and the dreary uniformity of mounting statistical curves. But, in brief, the first A.I. centre in this country was opened in 1942 and there are to-day in operation some thirty centres and ninety sub-centres whose radii of action cover most of the country. Already, in certain counties, over a third of the cows are artificially inseminated and it is estimated that this year about 25 per cent. of the calf-crop will be bred by A.I. All this has been done in nine years, without any particular pressure, propaganda or publicity, by quiet men in laboratories and offices whose thoughts and efforts are now incarnate in the neat white centres with the telephone wires overhead and the run-about cars parked in the yard at the front. A.I. is now a normal tool of the farming trade and its value to the stockbreeder is clear. First, he can get his cows in calf by a first-class sire, vetted, tested and pedigreed, on whose services he can call by telephone. Secondly, he can do it cheaply, for he could not even keep a bull under, say, £1 a week, whereas the fee per insemination is generally no more than £1 5s., while the absence of a bull on the farm allows a place for an additional and directly profitable cow. And thirdly, he can do it without fear of bull-brought disease.

At first sight, therefore, the primary advantages of A.I. are those which follow the division of labour. Following a familiar trend in agricultural history, the farmer is delegating the production of one of his tools, viz. bull-sperm, to a specialist on the farm instead of doing it himself as a non-specialist on the farm. And, generally, the specialist, being a specialist, can do the job with greater efficiency and at less expense than he can. But in this case the technical means whereby this change was effected has produced further technical advantages. For in addition the

bull emits fifty, seventy, a hundred times more seed than is required for conception, a shocking waste of good material which the artificial inseminator can reduce by diluting into numerous but still effective doses the semen he has persuaded the bull to yield by methods that are ingenious rather than elegant. Thus the services a bull can render artificially are many times more numerous than those he can render by normal mating; and at the moment A.I. bulls in this country serve on an average some seven hundred cows a year, over ten times their probable natural maximum. Indeed, by A.I. a bull may well from a single ejaculation produce more progeny than he could in the whole of his natural mating life. Thus, in revolutionary fashion, does A.I. spread the sphere of influence of good stock.

But, it may be asked, is it really as simple as all that? Well, yes, apparently it is. We can safely disregard any criticism which makes vague use of the word "natural," since the modern cow is not a "natural" animal and she does not live, breed or produce milk under "natural" conditions, while any question of the morality of A.I. is surely one for theologians rather than farmers. But serious agricultural questions demand serious agricultural answers. First, there is nothing basically irregular in this method of fertilisation. The sperm meets the ovum in the normal place; it merely gets there by a different route, being stored in a concoction of egg-yolk and phosphate and not in a bull, transported on wheels and not on legs and inserted by a syringe and not via the usual channels. And, after all, by way of analogy it is by artificial pollination, which is the vegetable equivalent of artificial insemination, that our improved varieties of plants are produced and have been produced for some time. Secondly, and more pragmatically, the method works. The conception rate is about the same as that of normal mating. And thirdly, there is, up to the present, no evidence whatsoever of any deterioration or other delayed-action effect on stock caused by this method of breeding.

And as for the future, who knows? A.I. has already been applied to sheep and poultry, while aeroplanes have carried semen across frontiers—the first "international" calf in this country was born in 1937 of an Essex cow fertilised by a Dutch bull and more recently a 'phone call in the morning enabled a Swiss cow to be artificially mated with an English bull in the afternoon. The possibilities are startling. Indeed, there are many startling things in farming to-day, though the countryside itself is too absorbed in its work to advertise them. But they are there.

NIGEL HARVEY

The Two Nations of France

A GROUP of French sociologists recently discovered that a daughter of the *bourgeoisie* could live all her life in Paris without once setting foot in a working-class quarter. This, up to a point, might hold good in the capital of any Western democracy; but the gulf between the working class and the rest of the nation is perhaps wider to-day in France than anywhere else. It is not so much the contrast between luxury expenditure and the poverty of inadequate wages. On another occasion I hope to deal with the material standard of living of the average French worker. Here I would merely remark that there is a small, relatively well-paid minority earning from £7 to £10 a week; that £3 to £3 10*s.* is a common wage for the unskilled; and that these wages are supplemented by comparatively generous family allowances. All in all, there is much real poverty, bad housing and squalor. But what I am concerned with at the moment is rather the working-class psychology which has split France into two. The fact that five million people voted Communist last June is accounted for not solely or mainly by low wages. They voted in protest against "*la condition prolétarienne*," against a sense of personal humiliation at being beyond the pale.

To say that all the five million Communist voters in France are active Communists is nonsense; far from thinking in terms of Marxist Messianism, many vote Communist out of a sense of social injustice, or simply out of envy. More than in most countries, the working class in France has the feeling of being the under-dog. Modern methods of mechanisation have tended to increase the worker's sense of degradation, of being the least valuable part of a machine. Add to this that personal relations with managements are almost invariably hostile: the employer nearly always treats the under-dog rough—with the excuse that he is a rebel, if not a Red.

> It is quite true that there are in France some bright and clean workshops where work is not harassing and where safety is fully assured. But there is no doubt that war and inflation and the indifference of successive governments have greatly enlarged the truly wretched sector of the French proletariat. . . . Liberation had promised a happier future. Six years ago, the French working class, like other classes, readily, perhaps too readily, identified its fate with that of the nation. They . . . looked forward to a great reconstruction plan and a number of basic reforms. . . . All these hopes and illusions were more rapidly and ruthlessly destroyed than in the case of other classes.

The foregoing is an extract, not from a Communist periodical, but from the Left-wing Catholic review, *Esprit*, which recently devoted a special number to examining how French workers live and think. The great series of strikes in 1947–48, which were largely, and often stupidly, engineered by the Communists, and led to a split in the C.G.T. and the formation of the "reformist" *Force Ouvrière*, began a new era of victimisation by employers against the working class. The *Comités d'entreprise*, always on the grounds (sometimes justified sometimes not) that they were centres of Communist agitation, and should not therefore be allowed to run factories, were virtually suppressed in many industries, including those which had been nationalised. Thus, increasingly, the French worker has felt that he is reduced to the status of a wage-slave and nothing else. *Esprit* concedes that, under these conditions, it is no use running down Russia to a French worker: to look on Russia with a feeling of solidarity is a current phenomenon of French proletarian mentality.

In some trades—metal workers, railway men, and other "aristocrats"—there is still a certain professional pride in the job. By way of contrast, as *Esprit* notes, one finds in the building trade, with its irregular employment, and its high proportion of Spanish, Italian and North African "dregs" doing the hardest, unhealthiest jobs, an almost complete *abrutissement*. Here there are few *militants*, little or no trade union influence: "they seem interested in nothing; they seldom talk of their families or even their children; they are dirty and in rags; they seldom wash." An equally disquieting account is given by *Esprit* of work in a sugar refinery—as bad as any nightmarish account of industrial conditions in Victorian Britain described by Engels. Here lack of any consideration by the employers for welfare had led to extreme psychological depression and a feeling of revolt against the bosses, the "free men."

Perhaps the picture that emerges from the *Esprit* inquiry is a little on the black side: it says almost nothing of one bright patch—holidays with pay—or of children's holiday camps. Moreover, certain French working-class elements have still sufficiently close contacts with a *petit bourgeois* or peasant background not to have become totally and hopelessly proletarianised. What I think is undoubted is that the French working class, which rightly distrusts the "paternalism" of certain employers, feels to-day deliberately isolated from the rest of the nation, and on the defensive: they have been defeated economically and frustrated politically. Above all, their lives are uninteresting: their work, often under bad conditions, is at best uninspiring; much less than British workers have they any political or social idea to whose attainment they can look forward; and even their leisure is left to chance—with such escape as may be provided by sport, the cinema, the radio, and prosaic love affairs.

Below it all, there flickers a revolutionary temper, a far-off memory of heroic days, and a feeling of bitterness against those who make huge profits, drive about in grand new cars, and eat expensive meals. Many of them are not doctrinaire: temperamentally many are *anarchisant* rather than Communist (Thorez has deplored the French habit of reading the *Canard Enchaîné* and turning everything into a joke); and, if some vote Communist out of conviction, others do so because there is nothing else they can vote for decently. The French *bourgeoisie*—frightened, as always, and this time encouraged by Washington—is proving itself, in relation to "the other nation" as mean and short-sighted as ever.

Paris, August. ALEXANDER WERTH

Channel Swim

ON the beach at Cap Gris-Nez I watched the fattest of the swimmers lying on his belly like a contented cow, while his bulging buttocks, broad back and enormous thighs were smeared with grease by the fist-full, ten pounds of it. Most Channel swimmers run to bulk and tend to put on more weight before the attempt. "Building up a heat-reserve" is what the experts call it; and the grease—the precise mixture each trainer's secret, but compounded mainly of lanoline and camphor oil—is meant to keep off the cold as well as the jelly-fish. I had seen a good deal of the swimmers during the four or five days they were held up waiting for good weather, favourable currents, and the proper tide at Calais. Relaxing on the beach between their pound-steak luncheons and chicken dinners, digging sand-castles with our children, going in for five or ten minutes, splashing one another and shrieking at the approach of a wave, they behaved as most of us do at the seaside. They seemed equally cheerful as they waited for the starting gun—the young Yorkshire school mistress who had won the race last year but, this time, was to be dragged into the boat less than a mile from Dover; the young Boulogne doctor, the only other one to fail, although the Sisters at his hospital were incessantly praying for his success; the sturdy Danish woman whose friendly smile made up for her linguistic limitations, and whose 12-year-old daughter was even now eager to emulate her mother's feat of swimming the Channel as well as the Kattegat; the young Canadian, mother of three children, who, when I said I hoped to see her in Dover that evening, grinned back: "Going over the easy way, are you?" But most cheerful and most impressive of all was the 55-

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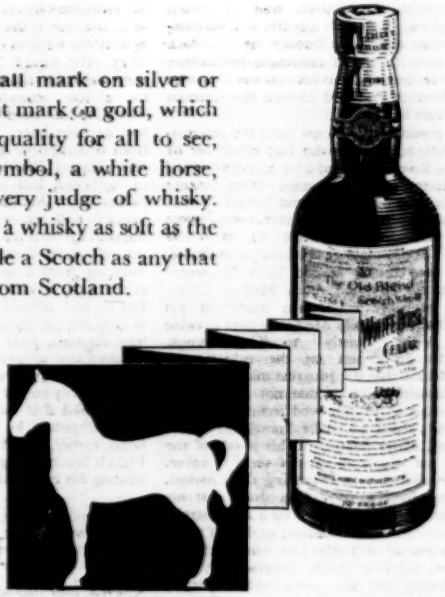

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year-old Scottish schoolmaster who had swum the Channel each way with a bottle of beer waiting at the other end. Even through his inch-thick layer of grease his tartan swimming-pants were clearly visible, and stuck to his cap was the same bunch of heather that had crossed the Channel with him twice before.

No less proud of their caps were the Argentinos, a middle-aged man who had swum for 61 hours in the River Plate, and a big girl chaperoned by her charming, fat mamma. Why proud? Because the caps bore the legend "Evita Peron." Most of the overseas competitors indeed were intensely patriotic—none more so than the Egyptians. They had a retinue of trainers, secretaries and cooks, headed by a Brigadier-General in the Egyptian Army Medical Corps, who had probably even then made up his mind to return the *Daily Mail's* cheques because we were being "beastly" to King Farouk. Undoubtedly an expert on the subject, the General told me that the progress made since the days of Captain Webb is due not so much to greater stamina as to improved technique, better training and, above all, more knowledge of the currents and better piloting. This is one of the few points on which all experts seem to agree. (Another is that, before swimming the Channel, a man must have a very clean shave, lest his arms and shoulders get chafed by a crawl-stroke repeated, say, 20 times a minute or 15,000 times in the course of a fairly fast crossing.) On other points there is much disagreement. For instance, during the swim some feed frequently and heartily on beef-tea and breast of chicken, others take no more than a few bananas and much glucose—though the platinum-blonde Grimsby typist who was to win a prize told me that, being allergic to glucose, she would take eight lumps of sugar every hour.

What would happen if an uninvited alien swam to England without proper papers? This legal problem might have arisen if a certain German, popularly called Ernst, had had his way last week. He was an earnest, middle-aged motor mechanic employed by the U.S. authorities at Wiesbaden. Having heard that a Czech had swum 150 km. in the Danube and that a Russian had bested him by swimming 155 km. in the Volga, Ernst decided to swim 160 km. in the Rhine. He did so (from Mainz to Cologne) last month, but this was too late to qualify for the *Daily Mail* competition. So he was sponsored by his employers. The Colonel provided the loan of an army lorry and a U.S. sergeant, and a whip-round provided sufficient money to hire a good trainer-pilot and to finance the trip for six days—the extent of the French visa obtained. Ernst was to swim alongside the *Daily Mail* competitors—beating them all, even if *hors de concours*. But alas, there was the weather delay. Despite frantic 'phone talks with Wiesbaden, the visa was not extended, and the very day before the weather cleared poor Ernst and his genial sergeant had to turn their lorry back to Germany.

Less seriously-minded, and less unfortunate, among the "outsiders" was the much-publicised "Swimming Grandma." Sponsored by some Swimming Institute in Brooklyn, the exuberant lady was photographed each day in a different swim-suit, invariably adorned with the Stars and Stripes. She talked a great deal about "that lovely water" and its omnipotence. "That's the guy for me," she said, when I mentioned that her views had been shared by one of the pre-Platonic philosophers. One of her many ambitious schemes is to fly from London to the Spanish south coast, swim to Gibraltar and fly back to London, all within 24 hours.

From our motor boat in the evening I watched the swimmers wearily clambering ashore. I shall long remember the second Egyptian struggling against the adverse tide, a stone's throw from the shore. He would "crawl" vigorously, cheered from the surrounding boats; then he would relax for a few seconds—to be washed back to where he had been before. Yet, he did make it half an hour later. By that time we had moved from Shakespeare Bay to St. Margaret's, where that pleasant Parisian electrician had just come in—followed, half an hour later, by the young packer from Marks & Spencer's, who grinned happily, still greasy from top to toe, as he was hugged by his even younger bride. Much later, the tall, quiet Peruvian came in. He had been suffering from a strained stomach muscle most of the way; he had hardly been able to take food. But he had refused to give up; so his trainer—in civil life our butcher in Hampstead—had seen him through, right into Dover harbour. As I watched that unspeakably tired man, bare-footed, wrapped in a gown and still dripping with grease, wave wearily to the crowd and step into his car, I wondered if it was this vindication of courage and will-power he had in mind when, fifteen hours earlier, I had watched him standing on a French beach, thoughtfully looking at the sea and shading his eyes against the rising sun.

— HEINRICH FRAENKEL

Let the People Sing

SURTEES says that Mr. Jorrocks knew two tunes: one was *God Save the King*; the other was not. Fielding's Mr. Weston also, although a musical man when drunk, had one tune, which was *Old Sir Stephen the King*, doubtless a simple, rollicking melody suitable to the taste of a fox-hunting man. Our garden boy is more catholic in his taste, but it might be pleasanter for us if his schoolteachers and the B.B.C. had given less attention to his musical education.

It is not that his voice is unpleasing; for although it has passed the heart-soothing purity of boyish years, it has also passed the stage of breaking. He had, as a child, a voice so beautiful, although untrained, that, hearing it, one could see the point of those Italians of the past who, to retain for themselves an exquisite musical pleasure, committed a crime on the persons of their best choir-boys, producing unfortunates like the wretch in *Candide* who lay upon the ravishing body of the unconscious daughter of Pope Urban the Tenth, wailing: *O che sciagura d'essere senza coglioni*!

Not having suffered a like misfortune, our boy lost his heavenly voice and now has an earthly one called, I believe, a light tenor. At times less light than we could wish, it is not the quality of his voice nor the nature of his repertoire which is troublesome, but simply his inability to choose a tune and stick to it. His performance recalls that of certain orchestras, such as those which play at resorts in season, or in large tea-shops, and include in their programme at least one extraordinary compote of fragments of various pieces, known as a "musical switch." They begin with a tune one likes, lead one to anticipate a favourite phrase, and then, with maddening dexterity are suddenly in the midst of some other and utterly incongruous composition, leaving one's musical appetite frustrated.

The musical switch is like those remarkable salads which Americans, intrepid in gastronomy as in everything else, eat in cold blood. It is curious that total disregard for congruity, and for continuity of sensation, occur only in popular music and the dressing of food. Presumably the taste served is one for violent sensations; but musical or gastronomic switches can cause considerable suffering to those whose ears or palates are unadventurous. I know a particularly poignant case.

Some time after the 1944 invasion of Normandy, I was on duty in that province, justly considered paramount in cuisine. I was frequently entertained at the house of a man prominent in public utility enterprises who, in consequence of his business, had much to do with the American liberators of his city and its countryside. The American officers, in their hospitable way, often asked my friend to dine in Mess, and these invitations he felt bound to accept. So, while I sat at his table and ate the exquisite meals prepared by his wife, perhaps the finest cook in Normandy, and drank wines which my host had given many years and a subtle and clever palate to collecting, he, a martyr to duty if ever there was one, a hero of the post-Resistance era, queued up with his tray in the cafeteria of the American officer's mess. There he ate what his hosts, with touching innocence of how the wealthier Normans managed under the Occupation, supposed to be the first square meals he had had for four years.

My friend used to return from these orgies to his house, grey in the face, and sink, silently into a chair by the fire amidst our sympathetic silence, to raise his head gallantly after a while and say to his wife: "*Un p'tit Calva. Le vieux.*" Madame would fetch the bottle of 1898 Calvados and serve him a dessertspoonful, for one does not abuse this liquor. After the patient had sipped it in silence, he would begin to talk, rather to himself than to us, so that we seemed to overhear a reflection: "*Je ne peux plus*," he would say . . . "And yet they mean well—*des chics types*." And suddenly, very loud, glaring round at us as if we were in some way to blame for the outrage, "*Oui . . . mais tout de même, bouffer des saloperies pareilles!*" Then again, relapsing into a gloomy scowl at the fire, and holding out his tiny glass for another drop of the ancient Calvados: "A whole litre of milky coffee . . . *Ah non, merde alors!*

It was, above all, the American mixtures, the salads of incongruities which caused him agony of mind and intestine, and of eye too, for he had a nice appreciation of the look of a dish, and the juxtaposition of pork chops and orange marmalade distressed him. And it is exactly that same incongruous mixing which is so distressing in the music which our garden boy provides as an accompaniment to his labour. There is first the distracting and anxious minute during which he tries to find his pitch. If one is near enough to hear without being seen one is forced to attend closely to this experimental phase. He begins . . . . "The minstrel bo-o-oy . . . . . " and then, realising that when he gets to "gone" he will be beyond the compass of his voice, he says testily, "No," and starts again, an octave lower . . . . "The minstrel bo-o-oy . . . . " this time reaching the end of the verse, only to realise that he cannot reach low enough to come down to "will fi-i-nd him." Another peevish "No, no!" and a third attempt finds the golden mean, and he is off.

Not, however, to sing the song to its end: hardly has one enjoyed the relief of realising that he is singing within the range of his voice, than one is startled to find that he is *not* singing the Minstrel Boy; it is *Nearer My God to Thee*, or *Begin the Beguine*. Possibly *Begin the Beguine* is a tune one likes, and one can go on contentedly with one's digging or hoeing, matching the rhythm of the work to the rhythm of Cole Porter's masterpiece. Then comes the shock: the spade is not working properly, there is a bad, uneven

bit of digging; what has happened? Somehow *Begin the Beguine* has become a song about the Sands of Tripoleeee, sung to the tune of the gendarme's chorus from *La Fille de Madame Angot*. It is at this moment that one really grasps for the first time the real force and cogency of Professor George Thomson's argument in his *Studies of Ancient Greek Society*, concerning the economic origins of music. Music arises out of work rhythms; *Die Meistersinger* can be traced to a shanty, as it were. It is a realisation gratifying to a Socialist, but one would have preferred to learn this lesson in a way less harassing, less detrimental to output.

If the musical switch is just tolerable as an accompaniment to the work of cultivation, it is another matter when it comes to writing. On those mornings when it is fine enough to work with the door open onto the garden, and when the boy is near enough for his voice to emerge from the background of rural uproar composed of the frantic singing of larks as they beat up from the meadow, the thunder of tractors, the shriek of passing jet planes, the bleating of a distant flock of sheep, the rattle of passing farm lorries, and the cackle from the poultry run, then the singer's inability to stick to a tune has serious consequences. A chapter of the new book first gallops along to the tune of *Polly-wolly doodle*, falls into a sombre and dignified prose to accompany the cadences of *Nearer My God to Thee*, plunges madly into the accented syncopation of the *Third Man* theme whistled shrilly between the teeth, and then steadies into a sort of prose poem to match the rhythm of *Over the Sea to Skye*. If the book is a novel, one is tempted to leave it alone and give the reviewers something to be really disagreeable about. But the effect on a painstaking essay on agrarian social history is one of unseemly levity.

Hitherto I have undertaken the sulphur dusting of the vineyard myself, feeling it not right to cause our boy to inhale clouds of sulphur, to the detriment of his throat. Experimenting on myself, I find that finely ground sulphur is as deterrent to song as to parasitic fungi. The boy has had his first lesson in handling the dust gun. At the moment he is working the handle to the tune of *Rule Britannia* with a consequent very uneven distribution of sulphur. He cannot have inhaled less than half a pound of sulphur: he is in excellent and powerful voice.

EDWARD HYAMS

THE DEATH OF MANOLETE

You, king, die. Theseus. Where was death
Hiding for those ten hours when you lay
Endowing Lenares with that huge red legend?
The Monster. Dead. Drag the bright corpse
away.

Did the sword shriek in his hand? The sand
Wept as he fell. You, king, die. That Muira
Groaned as he gored his god. But the long
Face of a stone and a saint only set surer

Into the calm that had always crowned it. You,
King, die. The killer with bull's hair on his
belly
Goes towering to his death under a cape.
Black that Islero honours the place where he fell.

O expiation! The King and the bull, kissing,
Enter and share a kingdom. The sword and
the horn
Sleep side by side. Justice. You, kings, die.
Between this man and this bull a myth is born.

GEORGE BARKER

The Arts and Entertainment

THE BOHEMIAN GIRL

If any opera, one thought, apart from Purcell's and Sullivan's, could bear being saved from the national scrap-heap, it would be *The Bohemian Girl*, which swept Europe so successfully in the middle of the last century. It must have had something which *The Mountain Sylph* and *The Maid of Artois* did not have, else it would not have lingered on almost into this generation. It has got something which their scores don't show: good tunes, long melodies which can show off the best of a singer's voice. "I can only say," with Hanslick, "that I am sorry for anyone whom the 'dramatic' tendencies of contemporary music have robbed of the capacity to appreciate the simple, beautiful line of naturally motivated melodies." Poor Balfe, at Covent Garden last week, started with a double disadvantage: a post-war operatic generation which has grown up almost ignorant of Bellini and Donnizetti; and the feeling, largely propagated by the advocates of the English opera, that to admire *singing*, to love high notes, and marvellously controlled trills, and notes that swell from *pp* to *ff* and down again (all the things which collectors of gramophone records still know) is somehow discreditable, unmusical, even snobbish. And yet the right instinct still remains: the soprano had only to advance to the footlights and let off a display of vocal fireworks, quite passably brilliant by modern standards, for the audience to burst into applause. Brought up on anglicised "Marguerites," they must be hungry for *singing*, pure singing which exists, unreformed, in its own right. To quote again from Hanslick, who is himself quoting (with qualified approval) from a fellow-critic: "the finest composition is a mere skeleton if the melodies are not made animated and beautiful by such voices (as Gabrielli's and Marchesi's)." I don't always line myself with Beckmesser, but Hanslick was sound on Italian opera (see his essays on Patti and Lilli Lehmann). And if anyone to-day complains that *The Bohemian Girl* is a mere skeleton, then let him imagine it as it used to be sung.

Such imagining was not made too difficult at Covent Garden. Roberta Peters, the Arline, phrased well in long lines, and showed a gift, rare to-day, of fining down a note in a long controlled even diminuendo. Though her tone was a shade pinched at times, her voice was accurate: she trilled, she negotiated *fioriture* and *gruppetti* with skill. Jess Walters, the Count, made us fear the worst with the heaved cadential triplets of "A Soldier's Life"; but in "The Heart Bowed Down" he deployed a sustained legato line of some beauty, and adorned it smoothly and accurately. Anthony Marlowe, the tenor, was marked by little vocal refinement, but by a certain gusto. His alternate, John Lannigan (who was so good in the broadcast of *Jenufa*) had a more accomplished style, if rather a stockish presence.

The adaptation made by Dennis Arundell and Sir Thomas Beecham has everywhere improved the stressing of the words (but remember that *The Bohemian Girl*, whether with Bunn's text or as we heard it last week, is another opera in translation—being almost certainly composed to a French text. Inevitably, the *basso buffo* must sing "The Devil!" and "Heavens above!") It has also given us two more excellent arias: "'Tis sad to leave a fatherland" for Thaddeus, and a coloratura scena for Arline. The following are the chief changes from the ordinary Novello score: in Act I the tenor aria added after the hunting chorus, Florestein's aria "Is there no succour" cut, a chorus added to make the toasting of the Emperor into a musical episode, and the finale remodelled and much improved. In Act II

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a Brindisi is added for Florestein—a pleasant waltz song—and Arline's "Come with the gipsy bride" is put before the dialogue of the Queen and Devilshoof. Act III is completely reshaped into two scenes, the coloratura scena for Arline is added, the chorus of rejoicing is cut, and the work ends with the gipsies trailing off behind their Queen's body, humming "In the Gipsies' Life" behind the scenes. All of these, except perhaps the last, are undoubted improvements, but the musicking of the spoken dialogue (whatever Balfe's original intentions may have been) is not always so happy. So much "fill-up stuff" reduces the average musical level of the piece, and, besides, Bunn's prose is often happier than his lyrics: "Stranger," says the Count to the supposed gipsy, "accept the hand of one who, however different from you in station, can never sufficiently thank you." (But social distinctions were largely removed. We lost Florestein's nice

> No gentleman, it's very clear,
> Ever such a shock should know,
> When I once become a peer
> They shall not treat me so.)

Also, the opera could be much improved by some cutting, particularly in places where the adaptors actually expanded it, using a longer repetitive form of the Overture, and drawing out the opening of the second act to almost twice its usual length. Visually, the performance was disappointing; you might have thought no designers could go wrong in an 1830's Austrian setting; but apparently these ones could, for the dresses and the interiors were both ugly. The production was conventional; it needed to be no more.

The Bohemian Girl may be naive, trite in its harmonic idiom, with a curious weakness in the run even of its best melodies. But for all that, much of it is as good as Donnizetti, and two duets (that for the Queen and Devilshoof, and the one that follows "I dreamt that I dwelt") strikingly anticipate what Verdi would soon be writing. Let us preserve it in our repertory, not with a patronising affection, because it is "English," but rather because much of it is beautiful, and all of it endearing.

ANDREW PORTER

RADIO NOTES

READER: Now that you're retiring from radio criticism I suppose you'll regale us with a squib in imitation of Connolly's famous farewell to novel-reviewing?

CRITIC: "Ninety Years of Radio Notes or a Final Blast at the B.B.C." I admit it's attractive. And yet—

READER: Oh come. Think of all those dreary programmes you struggled to say a good word for. Think of the programmes so dreary that all you could do was ignore them. Think of what you've suffered day after day from *Mrs. Dale* and *The Archers*, week after week from interminable adaptations of Trollope, Dickens, Austen, Thackeray, Stevenson, Bennett, Conrad, all of whom a sane man would rather read for himself than hear travestied, garbled and play-acted to the accompaniment of effects records. And all the hideous laughter and applause you've endured listening white-faced and tight-lipped to programmes specialising in what they call "audience-participation"—*Twenty Questions, Talk Yourself Out of This, Have a Go, Any Questions, Town Forum*. Though there have been times, I'm willing to bet, when laughter itself would have been a relief, if only to upset the complacency of those dim programmes so oddly called features—an endless sequence, it seems to me, of delicate evocations of the scriptwriters' childhoods, with lady actors unconvincingly playing sensitive little boys; artful dramatisations, like strip cartoons, of textbook psychology and Gray's *Anatomy*; dead-pan reconstructions called, I can't think why, *Now It Can Be Told*, of war-episodes about as exciting as my skirmish with the explosive incendiary on the garage roof; imaginary conversations between Stephen Duck and Stephen Dedalus; *Focuses, Inward Eyes, Return Journeys*, reports on this and that to him and her—

CRITIC: You're doing admirably

READER:—not to mention the Talks: the healthy little lay sermons at 9.15 on Sunday; and the pretentious series, *Whither Western Man: A Symposium, Psycho-Analysis: Towards a Synthesis, Is God in His Heaven? A Fearless Enquiry, After the Steppe-cat, What? A Discussion*, Dr. Ding on Professor Dong, Professor Dong on Dr. Ding; with the platitudes crashing around like broken pottery and the moral earnestness clouting you over the ears. And the stuff they call Variety. And the artless stories and coy little plays they put on morning and afternoon for bed-ridden hospital patients with high blood pressures.

CRITIC: Do go on, please.

READER: If you don't lambast the B.B.C. for all this, do you know what everyone will think?

CRITIC: What?

READER: That you're hoping to get in *The Critics*.

CRITIC: I see.

READER: Mind you, there are *some* good programmes. When I was in bed with my duodenal, I heard some jolly good things broadcast to schools: *History I*, I think they were called: how Raffles built Singapore—that kind of thing. And that chap Arlott almost makes you think you're at the test-match. Then there's a programme after the cricket commentary: *Listen with Mother* I think it's called: that's good. And of course the B.B.C. has done wonders for the appreciation of music.

CRITIC: You obviously keep your ear glued to your wireless.

READER: As a matter of fact, I always swore I'd never have one, but I got so bored having to go down to the kitchen to listen to *Itma* and the News on Cook's set that I weakened. Now it seems a pity not to use the thing. I listen most nights. That's why I've so often felt for you.

CRITIC: You're too kind.

READER: But I'll tell you what I think. There's too much of it; and the chaps who write for broadcasting have to write too much. You can hear them getting more and more stereotyped programme after programme; you can almost see them getting infected by the germs of cliché. That's why I like programmes by men like Dylan Thomas, MacNeice, Rodgers and Henry Reed: whatever you may think of them they always give you something new. But you're the critic. What do *you* think of it all? On the level?

CRITIC: I think, in the last analysis, there's no substitute for good writing.

READER: And that's all you've got to say?

CRITIC: That's all.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Murder Inc.," at the London Pavilion
"The Frogmen," at the Leicester Square

Two thrillers from fact make a very pretty contrast. *Murder Inc.* details the rise and fall of an organisation that kills to order; *The Frogmen* reveals the once-secret story of underwater Commandos. The one plumbs depths of human depravity, the other the Pacific. The one denounces toughness, the other enshrines it: no connection, however. The one appeals, the other uplifts. Both, in the Hollywood fashion, are highly moral, and we are left in no doubt which side we are on, or that the enemy, within and without, will be ruthlessly extirpated. After, of course, a good time has been had by all. And with the hint of a promise that no good story will lack a future.

Murder Inc. holds the advantage that, despite Mr. Bogart (now well-established on the law-and-order side), our attention is focused on the paths of evil, and this advantage it presses home with by far the more forcible and subtle means of cinematography. The idea is disturbing enough: it has overturned one lady reviewer who, appalled by the cruelties of *The Man in the White Suit* one week, rushed in the next to greet *Murder Inc.* with open arms. Rackets, after all, had been wearing rather thin—the last I remember was a bookmaker's racket, not enthralling; and there is something in the cinema-goer that will always acclaim the lowest when he sees it. By its mere title the last deterrent scruple seemed to have been removed from *Murder Inc.*, so that one approaches it with a sort of gritty avidity. What sort of people would recruit themselves to such a business? Did it prosper? How would they go about it? With ice-picks, it seems. What payment? 500 dollars a job. Who pays? No indication. Who receives? Ah, a master-mind in a raincoat, with the gift of remaining incognito, seconded by a thug well versed in the gangsters' backroom. There, if the telephone rings, will ensue a dreadful pause; and the newly admitted associate will find himself flanked by a lunatic jackal on one side and a sneering gorilla on the other. Why, then, having enjoyed and been deviously thrilled by this film, can't I bring myself to write about it as seriously as I should? It is a good thriller. Its basis at any rate is true. Quite often it shocks with the crime-page look of a man hustled out of the back of a police-van or a marsh being dredged for bodies. But truth, in the film as in every other art, is as truth seems. *Murder Inc.* very nearly captures the grim authenticity that has produced masterpieces in this genre—very nearly but not quite. Then there is another kind of truth: dramatic conviction. This, from time to time, with Mr. Bogart settling down to reminisce all night over his case, or confronting the master-mind with photographs of his victims (who, it seems, will surely haunt him), is feebly and conventionally caught at. The two truths don't mix; as a result *Murder Inc.* wriggles its way between authenticity and cliché, with more leaning towards the first. Direction, sometimes brilliant, by Bretaigne Windust; first-rate acting from an almost unknown cast.

The Frogmen has one excellent passage—the night assault on a Jap submarine base carried out under water by men like pantomime devils with big heads and tights—which is very rightly kept till the end. Unfortunately the preparations for this excitement have been rather strung out: the "story" (in the news sense) of an Underwater Demolition Team is never less than fascinating, but I can't say the same for the fictional conflict grafted on to it. Mr. Richard Widmark has to play the old part of the unpopular disciplinarian. He must prove himself a good fellow, and in the circumstances does so, if slowly, not disagreeably. They are all good chaps here, out to enforce a moral, which perhaps explains why the film is not more enthralling. A good war film to-day is one from which, for a start, the recruiting poster has been cut out.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Louis Jouvet

The death of Louis Jouvet has deprived France of her greatest contemporary man of the theatre. An overworked phrase, it applied more to Jouvet than to any other actor. The stage-struck chemist's assistant whose protuberant eyes, weird physiognomy and sepulchral voice caused him to be three times refused entrance to the Conservatoire had an unrivalled knowledge of his profession. He combined the technique of a born producer, whose knowledge of lighting and decor was consumate, with the style of a great actor-manager and the thoroughness of a German "dramaturge." Born in Brittany in 1887, he received his training well outside the purple of the Salle Richelieu. His one production at the Comédie Française—Corneille's *L'Illusion*—was unsuccessful. Yet it was Jouvet who shed a new lustre on French classical comedy, giving it a breadth and finish that was unique in his generation. He learnt his *métier* in the scrimmage of provincial touring companies and later under Copeau at the Vieux-Colombier; he brought it to perfection in his historic partnership with Giraudoux. Jouvet's greatest gifts as an actor lay in the realm of intellectual comedy. He would have subscribed to Diderot's definition of the comedian's task—"*Celui d'imaginer un grand fantôme et de le copier de génie.*" His admirers will continue to quarrel over which was his greatest role. Personally, I shall always remember his performance in Molière's *Don Juan* at the Athénée three years ago. This part gave Jouvet scope for the technique

in which he most excelled—the maximum effect brought about by a perfect economy of voice and gesture. In the last scene he forsook his author to evoke Baudelaire's *Don Juan aux Enfers*; he became "... *le calme héros, courbé sur sa rapière*." Spiritually, though not in fact, Jouvet belonged to the House of Molière. It is appropriate that he, like his great master, should have died in the theatre.

J. N. B. R.

"Right Side Up," at the Arts Theatre

How a play which is seen, at its first showing, to be quite obviously impossible, ever reaches that first showing, is one of the minor mysteries of the theatre world. There are so many people involved in a production: the author presumably has friends, there is the producer, the management, the "backers" and innumerable other people, any one of whom, you might think, would step in to prevent the disaster. Yet disasters continue to occur. This little mystery is only deepened in the case of Mr. Webber's *Right Side Up*, the second of the candidates for the Arts Theatre prize. It is plainly, once we have seen it, quite impossible through and through. Yet in this case we know the names of those who caused it to be put on, the selectors, Alec Clunes, Christopher Fry and Peter Ustinov. All three are experienced producers, yet none of them insisted that technically it hadn't a hope of "going" theatrically. Two of them are accomplished writers, yet neither apparently disqualified it out of hand, as it should have been disqualified out of hand, because its dialogue is *ersatz* and because it never for a moment *imposes* its bizarrerie which consequently seems, quite simply, absurd. It must be true, then, that judging plays from the text alone is excessively difficult, and even three such clever men as these cannot save author, actors and audiences from the most embarrassing of evenings.

T. C. W.

Les Ballets des Champs Elysées, at the Cambridge Theatre

When one is not particularly interested in the wood, one may as well make a botanical survey of the trees. The repertory of Les Ballets des Champs Elysées is, at the moment, extremely limited in scope: only one new ballet and that bad; three good old favourites by Roland Petit, two fairly passable works by David Lichine, Janine Charrat's pretentious *Jeu de Cartes*, and five assorted pas de deuxs. These revivals are accurate and just, but do not compensate for the lack of new works; consequently the interest of ballet-goers has fastened itself upon the dancers of the company rather than its ballets. Although in the past the company has had a few individual stars, like Babilée or Vyroubova, equal to any, frequently these stars have been supported by indifferent soloists; fortunately the present company is strong from top to toe. Outstanding among the dancers are Jacqueline Moreau and Wladimir Skouratoff. Moreau is young, with a strong technique and a charming personality, while Skouratoff, greatly improved since his previous visits, is one of the best male dancers to be seen in London since the war. His classical work is sometimes marred by badly placed arms and casualness, but he has given exceptionally fine performances in *Le Rendezvous* and *Les Forains*. In this last ballet Heléne Trailine has also excelled and her performance in the *Black Swan* pas de deux is very promising. René Bon, rather miscast in *Jeu de Cartes*, has once more shown what a fine artist he is, Deryk Mendel is a sensitive character dancer, and the hard-working versatility of Gerard Ohn and Igor Fosca would be a valuable asset to any company. Other dancers of interest are Danielle Darmance, Maria Dalba (not yet seen to best advantage), Alexandra Richer, Gayle Spear and Lucio Iandoli.

C. B.

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Correspondence

THE DIVIDEND FREEZE

SIR,—Mr. Anthony Crosland's letter in your issue of August 4 criticising the articles "Dishing Mr. Bevan" seems to call for a reply.

First, as to subsidies. Clearly a subsidy policy, adequate to offset the whole of the increase in commodity prices over the past few months, would have involved much steeper rates of taxation. That does not necessarily condemn such a policy. But selected subsidies, designed to ease the burden especially on large families (e.g. children's clothing, blankets, workers' fares, etc.) might, if combined with a sufficiently radical financial policy *at the time of the Budget*, have done much to steady the situation. In fact a Budget which the City found much milder than it had expected added to an inflationary situation originally caused, as Mr. Crosland rightly remarks, by the rise in world prices. The fantastic increase in share values caused by the Budget—surely Mr. Crosland does not question that—had, as the Chancellor himself admitted on August 1, "inflationary consequences." Had the Chancellor taken a stronger line about dividends in April, and made a substantial addition to subsidies, that part of the inflation which was City-generated could have been avoided, and we should have escaped the injustice of a situation in which property owners and shareholders were becoming richer while millions of workers and their families were becoming poorer.

Secondly, as to the foreign balance. Is Mr. Crosland right to blame the whole of the worsening, since April, on higher import prices? It is difficult to do that, and in the same breath refer to the "fall in world commodity prices," a fall which had no part in the Chancellor's Budget forecasts. In fact, as I said in the House on July 26, the deterioration in the foreign balance was due both to higher import prices and to lower exports, as against the forecast. Mr. Crosland's references to a 6 per cent. increase in export volumes over the early months of 1950 are irrelevant. The *Economic Survey* and the Budget speech were based on a much larger increase. The overloading of the system due to the present scale of rearmament has held back exports both by lengthening deliveries and because raw material shortages have restricted the output of important export industries. Shipping difficulties must also bear part of the responsibility, the cause here being coal shipments and the raw material requirements of Atlantic rearmament. That the estimates of the overseas balance have worsened in only three months by £300 millions surely justifies your statement that the Budget financial policy is dead. It equally justifies the view of the Chancellor's critics, that the hope of realising the arms programme, and maintaining a balance in our oversees payments, was an illusion from the start.

Mr. Crosland asks where is the summer materials crisis, and points triumphantly to a 5 per cent. increase in production over the early months of 1950. If he reads the American press he cannot be unaware of the effect of certain Ministerial resignations on United States willingness to play a more co-operative role in raw materials supplies. But if he studies the Chancellor's references to steel, still more if he goes out and studies the industrial situation at first hand, he will be less complacent about raw materials supplies, especially in some of the more important export industries.

The recent improvement in certain raw materials gives more hope that the Chancellor's estimate of productivity may be realised than was reasonable to expect in the Spring; but no one with Mr. Crosland's statistical training should assume that a 5 per cent. increase over the relatively low early 1950 figures means that a 4 per cent. increase for the whole year is in the bag. In particular, is he satisfied that the steel and other materials are in sight for an autumn spurt reaching 3-4 per cent. above the very high figures of last autumn?

Finally he produces an argument—and in support of it quotes, with a high degree of irrelevance, some remarks of my own—designed to show that the Chancellor's policy has not been to attempt to pay for rearmament out of higher prices. No one, of

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course, suggests that the Chancellor has deliberately engineered higher prices as a means of cutting real wages, though it is fair to say that the Budget, through its effect on share prices, dealt a body-blow to stabilisation. It is, of course, true that a reduction in our own arms programme to a more realistic figure would not, by itself, markedly reduce world prices. It would, however, reduce the overloading of our economic system, and make possible a much more effective subsidy policy.

To get at the real cause of the world inflation it is necessary, as your article said, to sit down with our N.A.T.O. partners and review *both* the military programmes *and* the civilian production programmes of the major N.A.T.O. powers. Despite Mr. Crosland's concluding flippancies, it is within the responsibility of His Majesty's Government, and particularly of those Ministers concerned with the maintenance of our economic strength, to take the initiative in such a review.

House of Commons. HAROLD WILSON

DIRTY FOOD

SIR,—I should like to endorse Norman MacKenzie's article on dirty food, from inside experience of the subject based on a week I spent during my last summer vacation as self-service dispenser in a busy tea-shop.

Behind the scenes, the milk churn stood next to the refuse bin, which was nearly always uncovered; the washing-up was done by dirty hands in scummy water, and when I sent back so-called "clean" cups and plates, ringed with grease or sandwiched together with bits of beetroot and welsh rarebit, the washer-up would scratch at them with a grimy finger-nail and send them back derisively. One day when the floor behind the counter was wet from swabbing with a filthy mop, we upset a baker's tray of currant buns all over it. "Pick them up and put them out for sale" went the cheerful cry of the manageress.

There were two servers for picking up cakes to put them on plates, but they were always mislaid and no one ever used them anyway—too rushed. All food was handled except the sandwiches in Cellophane wrappers and they were made by hand upstairs. One of the dispensers used to fish bits of stewed apple out of the tray with her fingers, licking them thoroughly before continuing to fish.

All this disgusted me, but what I found surprising was the *laissez-faire* of the customers. When they were given yesterday's apple-turnovers gone black inside, either they ate them stoically, or left them on their plates: they *said* nothing. A little more complaining on the part of the public would, I am convinced, ensure cleaner and more aesthetic presentation of food on the visible side of the counter, and might go a long way to improving standards of cleanliness in the invisible world on the other side. I hope that Norman MacKenzie's article will rouse a long hardened and resigned public to revolt.

London, W.2. SUMMER WORKER

SIR,—The article on dirty food in your last issue, in common with a spate of similar articles in the press over the past year or so, fails to indicate the real problem as far as catering is concerned. It is essentially a problem of the kind of person obtainable for the low rate of wages offered and these rates are an indication of the dismal failure of the Catering Wages Boards. The Boards' minimum rates are naturally regarded by employers as the maximum, and these compare so unfavourably with almost every other industry that only the left-overs of the labour market are available to the catering industry. Add to this the reluctance of girls to take up work that is quite arduous physically and requires them to stand up all day; the result is only what one might expect.

Whatever labour conditions on the Continent might be able to produce in the way of better service, etc., is no standard for us and this applies to a good many industries besides catering. Many of us in this backward industry are also against the time-honoured method of bringing in more foreign labour as a means of avoiding the proper solution of better pay and conditions.

Under present circumstances, the solution of your contributor of complaining to the Manager is likely to have little real effect. The solution lies with the Government and the Catering Wages Act to increase as soon as possible the rates of all non-tippable staff by something like fifty per cent. to reduce the working week to about 42 hours, and to compel double pay for Sunday work and work on Bank Holidays. Under these conditions there is a reasonable chance that Managers can obtain staff with a high standard of personal hygiene and complaints would then be relevant.

One other aspect of this problem which I will not go into now is the fact that cleaning costs, purchase and laundry of overalls, etc., tend to be regarded as overheads to be kept as low as possible. Generally the Manager has little effective remedy here as he is expected to minimise these items.

CATERING MANAGER

SOVIET CONDITIONS

SIR,—May I, from my own experience on a recent visit to the U.S.S.R., confirm the report given in Mr. Werth's article of the rapid rise in living standards and technical efficiency? I last visited the U.S.S.R. in 1938 and I was astonished at the immense improvement which has taken place since then in the range, quantity and quality of consumer goods, in spite of the setback caused by the war. Not only is food plentiful and reasonably cheap but a much better selection of other goods, such as household appliances, is now available to the Soviet consumer. I saw electric irons at 60 roubles, electric kettles at 92 roubles, washing machines and refrigerators at 750 roubles (slightly less than the average monthly wage). The shoddiness which was a feature of some pre-war consumer goods has largely disappeared and much stricter attention is now paid to quality. Mechanical toys which I bought for my children are of better quality than those available for an equivalent price in this country. The improvement has been brought about by unsparing criticism in the press and in public meetings, by consumer complaints through the shops, by special quality control departments in the factories, and by the effort of the workers themselves.

This higher standard of production depends on a rising level of technical efficiency and Mr. Werth rightly points to the importance of the new "technical intelligentsia," reinforced every year by hundreds of thousands of young technicians graduating from special schools and institutes. But perhaps even more significant is the rise in the *general* level of skill and the amount of technical education which is carried on *outside* the specialised institutions. At the "Red October" metallurgical plant in Stalingrad we visited the "Palace of Technique." This is not a full-time college or training school but is used by the workers at the plant for short courses, evening classes, spare-time study, and recreation. Here, the engineers and skilled workers give instruction and advice to the less skilled. The latest technical journals and books are available for private study. There are regular conferences with workers from other factories so that technical innovations are rapidly introduced throughout the industry. The whole "Palace" is beautifully designed and lavishly equipped.

Alongside the widespread provision for technical education there is a system of powerful material incentives designed to encourage every worker to raise his qualifications. They do not make the simple division into unskilled, semi-skilled and skilled but have introduced a number of intermediate grades in each industry so that only a small proportion of workers remain in the "unskilled" grade and all the others are classified as having various degrees of skill. Any worker with the desire and the ability can progress steadily from grade to grade with a corresponding increase in earnings at each stage. The Russians show great ingenuity in working out incentive schemes and bonuses to reward higher quality of effort in almost every occupation. Above all, they reward "innovators"—any worker who introduces new methods or inventions, or suggests new ideas for increasing productivity. In every factory the photographs or paintings of the "innovators" and "outstanding workers" are prominently displayed and their achievements are widely featured in press, radio and film.

The results of this sustained effort to improve technique are apparent in the quality of the machinery as well as in the higher standard of consumer goods. The machinery which we saw in the Stalingrad tractor plant, in a Moscow ball-bearing plant, in a textile combine in Tashkent and on various building sites seemed just as good as modern equipment in Britain. Almost all of it was of recent Soviet production. Heavy industry still retains priority in the national plan and the output of machinery and power is rapidly increasing. The two giant hydro-electric stations now under construction on the Volga at Knibysher and Stalingrad will each add an impressive amount to the annual production of electricity. They are closely connected to the immense scheme of afforestation and irrigation which is intended to eliminate the effects of drought over a huge area of Southern Russia. These projects have captured the popular imagination in a way which it is difficult to visualise in the West. Huge maps are displayed to illustrate their purpose and their progress is reported daily in the press.

This atmosphere of rapid progress and rising standards in every sphere was my strongest impression of the U.S.S.R. I found Soviet citizens well aware that they still have many survivals of the past (such as bad housing in Moscow) but confident that they can deal with these problems if only peace can be preserved. In a place like Stalingrad, where scarcely a single house was left standing, one realises the immensity of the reconstruction problem and the cruel setback which the war meant for all their hopes and plans. But industrial production will soon be twice as great as pre-war output, bringing a considerable improvement in living standards. The Russians are living in one of the few countries in the world where prices fall instead of rising. And they have a vision of the future which their children will enjoy. Perhaps this partly accounts for what your correspondent, Mr. Semmens, described as "their appearance of happiness and their confidence in their own government." It certainly accounts for their overwhelming desire to live in peace.

41 Chiswick Lane, W.4. C. FREEMAN

THE RIGHT TO TRAVEL

SIR,—The Foreign Office statement regarding the alleged "incidents" in connection with the British party at Innsbruck (Mr. Bartlett's letter in your issue of August 18) was not altogether reassuring, though perhaps not totally unexpected. Put bluntly, it boils down to: "Serves you bounders right, you asked for it."

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Are we to understand from this statement, and its implications, that in future British travellers abroad, whose journey is not "strictly necessary" in accordance with the ideas prevalent at any particular moment amongst the gentlemen of the Foreign Office, are to be denied that protection which the Englishman abroad had hitherto so tacitly assumed his passport to afford him? Or are we to assume that the mishandling of young Englishmen, "most of whom were Communists anyway," is not worth risking diplomatic trouble for? Either way, we have moved far indeed since the days of "Don Pacifico." But without going back to such extremes, both interpretations give grounds for alarm in a world of shrinking individual liberty. Moreover, if the behaviour of the American guards as described by Mr. Bartlett was in accordance with orders "to avoid undue violence" then it is a poor look out for the future, if times should ever justify the withdrawal of such reservations. M. WITT

7a Crediton Hill, London, N.W.6.

HEATING THE HOME

SIR,—"Critic" and his German friend are, of course, quite right in condemning the wasteful use of coal by the old-fashioned open fire and by the electric fire. If these were replaced by the modern openable stove burning solid fuel, twice as much heat could be obtained from the coal used.

It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that this would mean that domestic coal supplies could be halved. In 1940—when British heating standards were still lamentably low—domestic deliveries of house coal amounted to nearly 45 million tons. In 1950, this figure was down to 30 million tons. Householders who have used their coal on an old open-fire, and not turned to electricity or gas for supplementary heating, have shown great endurance. Those —including very many in new local authority houses —who have had modern solid-fuel appliances have been much more fortunate.

Concurrently with a 15 million ton reduction in house coal deliveries, the supply of coal to electricity power stations increased from 18 million tons in 1940 to 33 million tons in 1950. The substitution of modern and efficient solid-fuel heating appliances for old and wasteful ones is an urgent and vital need. It will, however, be stultified if it is accompanied by a further diversion of coal from the householder to the power station. ERIC BELLINGHAM,
Director-General

The Coal Utilisation Joint Council,
3 Upper Belgrave Street,
London, S.W.1.

ISRAELI IMMIGRANTS

SIR,—In order to attack the General Zionist Party in Israel, your contributor from Tel Aviv, Dr. Rolbant, has descended to a fantastically distorted vilification of the whole of the recent immigration into Israel. The General Zionists are the political opponents of our sister party in Israel (Mapai), but we must express our disgust at Dr. Rolbant's use of gross misrepresentation as a method of political polemics.

His reference to British subjects who have recently gone to Israel (of whom, incidentally, he himself is one) shows the extent of the distortion practised by your contributor. The great majority of the many hundreds of British immigrants are young Jews, inspired with the "idealism which went to mould Jewish Palestine into a progressive Labour Commonwealth," and underwent long and arduous training here prior to settlement in the agricultural communities of the General Federation of Jewish Labour. These young people, who include many University graduates, have given up comfortable homes and good prospects in order to participate in pioneering labour. Most of the other British immigrants are highly qualified personnel who have taken important but low-paid positions in Governmental or other public service. Conditions in highly taxed, austere Israel are most unattractive to the kind of individual, if indeed many such exist, who is purported by Dr. Rolbant to typify the British subject emigrating to Israel.

Your contributor is fully aware of all this, as well as of the sacrifices made by the Jewish Agency, the Israeli Government and indeed the whole Yishuv in Israel, to save entire Jewish communities from present and future disaster. S. GOLDBERG
Poale Zion. L. LIFF

NEWBATTLE ABBEY

SIR,—Most people concerned with social justice, with the quality of our national life and with the stability of our democracy attach importance to adult education and will have sympathy with an enterprise like Newbattle Abbey. Those few residential colleges that provide a broad education for men and women in whom intellectual interests have been aroused only after their opportunity of entering a university is passed, or who have been denied opportunity of higher education, are rightly regarded as of the utmost importance, and do, I believe, receive all the support that tutors and others engaged in adult education can lend them. This makes it the more unfortunate that Mr. McCallum's article, so startling in its ignorance of adult education as a whole, should have appeared in your columns. When every one wishes Newbattle Abbey well, it is surely unnecessary, in extolling its work, to denigrate the Universities, the Trade Unions, the W.E.A., Ruskin College, the short-course residential colleges and in fact all statutory provision of further education, which is fantastically described as "more or less reserved for specialists." I wonder what universities Mr. McCallum has in mind when he tells us that the universities regard education as "an economic grooming to fit a man for a specific job." I wonder which trade unions he has found "appearing to agree" with this view. In how many three-year Tutorial Classes has he found the student's attitude to be, not that of continuous application, but accurately to be described as "making do with evening classes"? Where outside Mr. McCallum's fertile imagination is the "amiable undergraduate drifting comfortably for three years to a pass degree"? What is remarkable in Ruskin's selection of those who "fit into the academic scheme of things"? What anyway is the meaning of this strange phrase, and how do the students Mr. McCallum has presumably met at Newbattle Abbey differ from those he might meet at Ruskin College or Fircroft or Hillcroft or Coleg Harlech? My ignorance of "social soirées" is probably as considerable as Mr. McCallum's of week-end courses; it would therefore be unprofitable to pursue his colourful comparison, but his attitude to middle-aged, middle-class housewives as adult students recalls the contempt of the older universities forty years ago for women and non-public schoolboys.

All educational experiments suffer from the attentions of enthusiastic but ill-informed supporters. As one who believes that the work of colleges like Newbattle Abbey may well become the summit of our achievement in adult education, may I extend my sympathy to its Principal and his staff.

D. M. HOPKINSON,
Grantley Hall, Yorks. *Warden*

VILLAGE SCHOOLS

SIR,—I have read with interest and profit the correspondence following upon the article on village schools which I recently wrote. I will leave your readers to digest the various courses which have been set before them.

There are, however, some figures in my original article which I should correct. I have been studying the Development Plan for the County of Essex. Here the number of rural schools scheduled for closure is given at 75, not 134. The figures I used included 59 schools within urban areas.

I have been informed that—leaving aside the schools already closed up to date—only one of the 75 schools above mentioned has so far been closed, and one is about to close. R. A. BUTLER
House of Commons.

RELIEF FROM ASTHMA

SIR,—Only those who have been in close contact with asthma can begin to understand the anguish common to all parents of children suffering from this distressing complaint. In order to bring relief to some of these children we have been sending small groups to the famous Spa of La Bourboule in the Massif Centrale of France since 1949. Here the children follow a special course of treatment under first-class doctors, and amid the beautiful surroundings of the mountainous countryside. The results have proved that such trips are more than worth while, but must now unfortunately be restricted to a very few children whose parents can meet the heavy cost. Every day we are approached by parents who beg us to take their children to La Bourboule but cannot pay more than a few pounds towards the expenses.

We feel certain that some of your readers would be prepared to help, and if we can raise £30 per child for fares and accommodation the French doctors have very generously offered to give free treatment for these special cases.

As our next party leaves on September 4, contributions should be sent at once to the Hon. Treasurer, International Help for Children, 43 Parliament Street, London, S.W.1. MARGARET R. MCEWEN,
Executive Secretary
JOHN BARCLAY,
Organising Secretary

SAINT-EXUPÉRY

SIR,—We are completing a biography of the French airman and writer, Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, and we should be extremely grateful if any of your readers could kindly add to our information about him. Letters, documents or personal reminiscences would be much appreciated. All papers would be promptly copied and returned.

Londonderry House, MARGARET STEWART
24 Hertford Street, W.1. RICHARD RUMBOLD

THE BEEHIVE

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Books in General

I Promessi Sposi (in English, *The Betrothed**) is often said to be the only Italian novel. It is certainly the only Italian novel that can be compared with the great European novels of the 19th century. It was begun in 1821 when Scott dominated European taste and when Balzac had not emerged from the writing of shockers, and it was revised many times before the final edition of 1840. The last rewriting is said to have taken twelve years and the result is that we have a compendious Romantic work in a state of real digestibility which neither Balzac nor Scott troubled to attain. *The Betrothed* was Manzoni's only novel. It contained the fullness of his mind, his sensibility and creative power and (as Mr. Colquhoun, the new translator says in his very informative preface) seems to represent the culmination of an experience to which life could add no more. In Italy this novel is a kind of Bible; long passages are known by heart; its reflections are quoted in the political debates that have taken place in Italy since the war. But in England, possibly because the chief translation was done over a hundred years ago —and not very well, by a clergyman who disapproved of its theology—the book has been but mildly regarded. The English had already the novels of Scott, with their energetic romance, their bourgeois valuation of life, their alternating choice of the highly coloured and the domestic. Scott was a Tory and, though a generous man, he drew in his horns before the outcome of the Enlightenment, whereas Manzoni had exposed his mind to it in his youth. Our ancestors preferred a safer, unreal Italy and, later on, the libertarian, anti-clerical Italy of the Risor gimento. In matters of piety they naturally preferred their own Protestant vigour and sentiment to Manzoni's obedient, passive, Catholic gravity, and it is a good indication of Victorian feeling that the clergyman who translated Manzoni said that he wished the name of Christ could be substituted for that of the Virgin throughout.

Manzoni's reformed Catholicism—that old desire to do without the Jesuits and the temporal power—is a greater obstacle to Protestants, one seems to notice, than the ultramontane. Manzoni's religion is, in tendency, liberal and democratic, but it is also melancholy and pessimistic. In *The Betrothed* our ancestors would miss what they so much admired in the English novel—the high-minded woodenness of the exemplary characters. The chief victims of tyranny and evil in the story—the two peasant lovers who are forcibly separated by the lawless Don Rodrigo—are passive sufferers who do little to help themselves and are, indeed, finally rescued not by their own efforts but through the aid of a remarkable priest and the sudden conversion of the chief villain. There is no Protestant suggestion of an aggressive worth or a self-reliance that depends on direct access to God, but there is an ironical recognition of the mysterious drama of Fate and of the painful need for selfless love. It is true that the wicked are destroyed by the plague which comes to Milan at the end of the book—this is a magnificent episode—and that the good lovers are quietly rewarded; but the lasting impressions are not of righteous success but of moral good fortune, and of luck in catching the mysterious eye of the Almighty. One is reading a benign, spacious and melancholy fable of the most tender moral sensibility, an epic of understatement; whereas the English novelist of the 19th century—and the 18th century, too—commonly provided his readers with a number of obvious statues to socially estimable Virtue and the reader admired them because he hoped, if only in his own eyes, to become a statue himself.

Changed times and a translation which is closer to our idiom make *The Betrothed* immediately sympathetic to the contemporary reader, once he allows for old-fashioned methods of narration and apostrophe. We turn with recognition to other times of chaos, as Manzoni himself transposed the upheaval of the French revolution into the material of the religious wars of the 17th century. Manzoni is the novelist of those who expose themselves but cannot take sides. They belong, where humanity abides, to the spiritual third force. His personal history was of the kind that makes the psychologist, the man whose thought and feeling are finely meshed; an aristocrat, a Voltarian and militant anti-Catholic, he married a Protestant woman and was reconverted by the Capucines to a profound if ambiguous faith. He writes with the gentleness, the irony, the anxiety and love of one who has passed through a deep personal crisis. His texture is rich, his variety is great; we enter a world of innumerable meanings and contrasts. Beside the account of the plague, which recalls the curious realistic precision of Defoe, must be put very different things, like an abduction to a brigand's castle or a flight to a convent. In contrast again with these, there are comic scenes like the famous one where the peasant lovers try to trick the timid priest into marrying them, which is at the height of Italian buffoonery; the portraits of politicians have the flowering malice of Proust; the historical reflections are wise, subtle and dyed with experience, and in every episode there are psychological perceptions that have the fineness of the French novelists without their often wounding vanity in their own effects. Manzoni was devoid of the intellectual's self-admiration. His grave manner removes the sickliness from piety and restores to it the refinement of nature.

I will quote two examples of Manzoni's kind of perception to which the reader of Proust will at once respond.

One is taken from the colloquy between the neurotic and tragic nun and the peasant girl who has found sanctuary with her.

> (The peasant) also tried to avoid replying to Gertrude's inquisitive questions about her story before her engagement. But here the reason was not prudence. It was because to the poor innocent girl this story seemed a thornier and more difficult one to describe than anything which she had heard or thought she was likely to hear from the Signora. Those dealt with tyranny, treachery and suffering—ugly, painful things, yet things which could be expressed but hers was pervaded by a feeling, a word, which she felt she could not possibly pronounce, and for which she would never be able to find a substitute that would not seem shameless—the word love.

Put this beside a very different situation, an innkeeper putting his drunken guest to bed. He covers the snoring drunk and

> Then, drawn by the kind of attraction that sometimes makes us regard an object of our dislike as attentively as an object of our love, and which is only the desire to know what it is that affects our sensibility so strongly, he paused a moment to gaze at this irksome guest, raising the lamp over his face, and shading it with his hand so that the light fell on him, almost in the attitude in which Psyche was painted as she gazed stealthily at the features of her unknown spouse.

In all the meetings of his characters, in the strong situations and in the neutral, there is this watchful, instinctive, animal awareness of the other person, a seeking of the meaning of their relationship. To compare the innkeeper to a spouse is not grotesque: the drunk man has already involved the innkeeper with the secret police, there is the marriage of two fears. Fear and love are, in fact, Manzoni's subjects.

The story of *The Betrothed* is a strong one. The hired bravoes hold up the cowardly priest. There is murder on the road. There are bread riots in Milan—Manzoni is an excellent narrative writer unencumbered by picturesque baggage—there are flights and pursuits, tremendous confrontations of the tyrannous and the good. The immunity of the priests gives them boldness. There are political intrigue, invasion and looting by foreign armies, the plague. Manzoni is as brilliant as a diplomat in recomplicating the moral issues: the brigand's sudden conversion, for example, frees the girl from her dangers and seems to guarantee her happiness but, perversely and in her terror, she now vows herself to the Virgin! To the obstacle of wickedness is added the obstacle of faith. That delicate tangle of faith and desire and pride has to be undone. The characters are not thrown on in crude, romantic strokes but are put together precisely by a writer who has understood their pattern and the point at which they will behave unexpectedly or feel the insinuations of time, fate and mood. There is not a stock character anywhere; nor can a too gifted author be seen bursting through these figures. The skill in the change of mood or in anti-climax is wonderful.

When Manzoni described how the notion of writing *The Betrothed* came to him—I quote from Mr. Colquhoun—he said

> The memoirs of that period (the Counter Reformation) show a very extraordinary state of society; the most arbitrary government combined with feudal and popular anarchy; legislation that is amazing in the way it exposes a profound, ferocious, pretentious ignorance; classes with opposed interests and maxim; some little known anecdotes, preserved in trustworthy documents; finally a plague which gives full rein to the most consummate and shameful excesses, to the most absurd prejudices, and to the most touching virtues.

With this stuff he did fill his book. The contemporary reader must reflect that this is exactly the kind of material which has, in our time, become degenerate in the novel. The great, even the extensive subjects, have fallen into inferior hands. They have become the fodder of the middle-brown novelist. Is it really true that this kind of material can no longer attract the best

* *The Betrothed*. By ALESSANDRO MANZONI. Translated by Archibald Colquhoun. *Dent* 15s.

minds in the novel? Has it exhausted itself? Clearly Manzoni, like Scott and Balzac, had the excitement of doing something new and they had the tremendous intellectual and emotional force of the Romantic movement behind them. But they were more than capable inventors, copyists, historians or story-tellers who comfortably relied on a commonly accepted language and values. Indeed, although it is generally said that our lack of these common symbols is the central difficulty for contemporary artists, I wonder whether Manzoni's situation was as different from ours as it seems to be. He is a singular example of the artist, who, finding no common basis for himself and a disjointed society, sets laboriously to make one. His religion was uncharacteristic for a man of advanced ideas; as far as its elusive quality can be discerned, it seems to have connected the ideas of Pascal with those of liberalism and this profound change of spirit led him to seek an equally important change of language. He wished to find a language in which all men communicate with one another and to abandon literary language. Problems of belief raise at once problems of style: in both Manzoni was revolutionary. His case somewhat resembles Tolstoy's though, with Manzoni, conversion was not a mutilation of the artist but his fulfilment. He succeeded (where the English Protestant novelists on the whole failed) in creating characters who were positively good—this is indispensable to universal works—yet his "message" that love above all, self sacrifice, courage, long-suffering and charity are the only, and not necessarily successful answers to tyranny and injustice, is not introduced as a sort of pious starch into the narrative, but is native to it. One is undermined rather than incited by this teaching, as in one or two of the Russian writers; and the very pessimism of Manzoni, by which he continually moves the rewards of the righteous just a little beyond their finger-tips with a gentle scepticism, is like that of Cervantes. Mr. Colquhoun has had a very difficult task in hitting upon the right kind of popular idiom. His version is certainly fresh, but he does sometimes drop into a tinny or padded out, temporary slang—"This will be a great relief to a whole lot of people"—which is really debased rather than simple language. After all Manzoni "washed his linen in the Arno," as he said, in order to purify language, not to slacken and blur it.

V. S. PRITCHETT

A HEARTLESS BUSINESS

I collected a crowd in the street,
And I cried: "Good folk, what will you give?
Here's a trick such as never was seen,
I haven't a heart, but I live."

I repeated the trick and they cheered,
'Twas original, difficult, neat.
They cried "Encore," but never the coins
Fell in torrents and clanked at my feet.

And now they grow bored, say: "It's easy,
If I had apparatus I'd do 't.
It is he and not we should give money.
He has mirrors concealed in his suit."

I smile and continue my patter,
Buskers never show doubt of their art.
But some day I know I shall falter
And die, for I haven't a heart.

GEORGE PAINTER

SCHUBERT

Schubert: Thematic Catalogue of all his works. By O. E. DEUTSCH (in collaboration with D. R. Wakeling). *Dent*. 45*s*

Schubert. By ALFRED EINSTEIN. Translated by David Ascoli. *Cassell*. 25*s*.

It is now Schubert's turn to receive the handsome tributes of scholarship and interpretation which our age has already lavished on Mozart. The centenary of 1928 produced much commemorative literature, notably a penetrating and loving study of the songs by Mr. Richard Capell; in 1946 came a very useful Symposium edited by Mr. Gerald Abraham. But the great Schubert scholar of our time is Mr. Deutsch. A few years ago there appeared the definitive English edition of his *Schubert: A Documentary Biography*; this monumental and fascinating compilation will always remain the source of accurate knowledge about the composer and his world. And now, from the same hand and the same publishers, we have a Thematic Catalogue which does for Schubert what Köchel did for Mozart in 1862.

This was badly needed. Schubert's huge output, with its fragments, lost works, variants and recompositions of the same text, breeds confusion. The "Great" C major Symphony is known in different quarters as No. 7, No. 9 and No. 10. Ordinary editions of such works as the Piano Sonatas are far from complete and printed in a meaningless order; opus numbers, when these exist and even when they were assigned by the composer himself, give a misleading impression of the date of composition. The question therefore arises: Should we begin to use Mr. Deutsch's chronological numeration, as we have long used Köchel's for the works of Mozart? The case is not quite simple. It would be pedantic to add "D.759" to the Unfinished Symphony; cumbrous to use opus and Deutsch numbers for the same work; impossible to drop opus numbers altogether when these have been used as a means of identification for more than a century. But, whenever doubt could arise, I hope that the B.B.C., concert promoters and gramophone companies will henceforward make a practice of adding the "D." number. Although the Thematic Catalogue contains nearly 1,000 items, 2,500 single-stave quotations, and a vast mass of relevant information, the book is easy to handle and amazingly cheap. Every Schubertian will delight to browse in its pages; my only complaint, a small one, is that I should like to have been informed (as in Köchel) of the number of bars to which each piece or fragment extends.

Alfred Einstein, not hitherto thought of as a Schubertian, has produced an appraisal and interpretation of the composer's work which is exactly what the intelligent reader needs. The scholarship is lightly worn, the writing pleasant and imaginative. It has cost the author some pains to discover the right plan for his book, and some readers may find inconvenient a chronological arrangement which prevents the treatment of each musical category as a whole. I found it so myself at first, but as I read on I became more and more absorbed by the gradual unfolding of Schubert's musical personality. The uneventful "life" is reduced to a minimum; every now and then a digression arises, on Schubert's politics, his harmony, his attitude to death, and so on. In the end we are left with a vivid impression of the man and a heightened understanding of the music.

I am especially delighted by the author's refusal to measure this astonishingly original genius by the yardstick of Beethoven. Indeed, like Brahms, Dr. Einstein positively admires Schubert for his independence from the great master whom he so deeply revered. This attitude is still rare. Musicians commonly demand, on the strength of a great example, rigid adherence to a formula. Because Beethoven was Beethoven, the first movement of a sonata or symphony is expected to contain a long development section with plenty of rhetoric and dramatic conflict between the themes. Schubert, however, was wise enough to follow the natural bent of his genius, which was expansive, calm and lyrical; he looked in his heart and wrote. At times, it is true, he was inclined to meander; but long before his early death he had demonstrated again and again that he knew how to compose on the largest scale without any loss of his unique lyrical spontaneity. No more sensible is the stock complaint that he lacked contrapuntal science; his works, as Dr. Einstein says, are studded with examples of the purest polyphony, but it was in his nature to keep this as a secondary feature of his style, a by-product, so to speak, of his perpetual harmonic subtlety and audacity.

On the question of the Grand Duo Dr. Einstein comes down strongly against Joachim and Tovey; "the Duo," he says, "*is* a piano work and anything *but* a piano transcription of a work originally conceived as a symphony." I find this view more and more convincing; but I am less happy about Dr. Einstein's suggestion that the Overture actually used for *Rosamunde* may, after all, have been the one we now know as the Rosamunde Overture (the popular one in C major, originally from the *Zauberharfe*). Schwind, he says, may have been mistaken, which is true enough; but Schwind's testimony is independently confirmed by Bauernfeld, in the latter's obituary notice of 1829. It seems impossible to write about this question without adding to our confusion; even the formidably accurate Mr. Deutsch gives (in his Documentary Biography) some misleading cross-references.

Some of Dr. Einstein's critical comments on individual works are surprising. I cannot imagine, for instance, why he thinks the great C major Quintet "so orchestral in conception and feeling that it scarcely comes within the scope of chamber music"; or why he finds the little song, *Das Fischermädchen*, "in some respects sinister." He insists obstinately that songs must be sung only in their original key—an idealistic demand which would have ruled out many of the finest interpretations of this century, from such artists as Reinhold von Warlich, Sir George Henschel and Elena Gerhardt. Mr. Ascoli's translation is unusually graceful and idiomatic, but the word "dualism" seems occasionally to mean "conflict," and the reader should be warned that "side-drums" is throughout used where Dr. Einstein obviously means the ordinary timpani.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

STRANGE AND OLD

A Dragon Apparent. By NORMAN LEWIS. *Cape*. 15*s*.

A Traveller in Venice. By DEREK PATMORE. *Methuen*. 15*s*.

Sweet Cork of Thee. By ROBERT GIBBINGS. *Dent*. 16*s*.

Three books of travel, all helping, in their different ways, to broaden, by proxy, the mind.

A Dragon Apparent is what the Americans succinctly term a Must. Mr. Norman Lewis has provided a riveting account of his journeys in Indo-China during 1950, journeys achieved with maximum difficulty in that war-torn land and, one suspects, with considerable courage. The result is a magnificently clear and vivid record of a fabulous country during a period of violent upheaval, a record written with sympathy and extreme humour. The photographs, of great beauty, are also the work of Mr. Lewis and enhance a book of the highest order.

Anything may happen in a land where the passion for gambling is so intense that housewives throw dice with merchants for their goods on the double-or-quits system, where vast quantities of rice-alcohol are being traditionally and continuously swigged, where lizards may be found dwelling in French book-shelves and lashing their tails over the volumes of Jean-Paul-Sartre, where even the air hostess of the Emperor's aeroplane turns out to have been Miss Hanoi 1949. Silver-mounted opium sets ("for the chic smoker") are on sale in gramophone shops (the French name for the den in which they are used is *salon de déintoxication*) and the Viet Minh periodically lob grenades into Saigon cafés to encourage the

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HUTCHINSON

proprietors to support the movement, a movement which has banned lyric poetry as showing an unrealistic attitude to present problems.

Through all this fantastic Wonderland wanders the sharp-eyed author, provided with a permit which described him originally as Lewis Norman of Thirty Bedford Square, but which gradually renewed and shortened itself to Louis Norman Thirsty Bedford. Here is a wayside food booth in Saigon, which also typically displays the highly edible style.

> Great store was set by the decorative presentation of food. Diaphonous baby octopuses were suspended before acetylene lamps. There were tasteful groupings of sliced coxcomb about cured pigs' snouts on excellent china plates. Roast chickens and ducks, lacquered bright red, were displayed in heraldic attitudes, with gracefully arched necks, or completely flattened-out, like kippers. There were segments of pigs, sundered with geometrical precision which, after the denaturalizing art to which they had been submitted, seemed with their brilliant, glossy surfaces as unreal as the furnishings of a toy butcher's shop.

Mr. Lewis journeyed in military convoys through the jungle (the inside seats were the most popular), or sometimes in a convenient Jeep (a *moyen de fortune*). He talked with ex-members of the Free French and listened to their nostalgic tales of places that we are accustomed to take in our stride, such as Peterborough and Birkenhead. He was able in the end to get into Viet Minh territory: "Our enemies are slowly converting us to Communism," said a post commander. "If it is only by becoming Communists that we shall achieve liberty, then we shall become Communists."

The author reveals a country of remarkable beauty and unbelievable squalor. There is cruelty, double-dealing, superstition unbounded and misrule. This is an absorbing and fascinating book, on no account to be missed.

Mr. Derek Patmore's *A Traveller in Venice* does not suffer by comparison although it deals with an altogether more familiar region. It is a guide book with a strongly personal flavour, as knowledgeable about Titian and Giorgione as about the best places to stay and the construction of gondolas which, surprisingly, cost seven hundred pounds apiece and require no less than seven different kinds of wood. It is a tragic sign of the times that gondoliers (apparently a hereditary profession) are being steadily ousted by the *vaporetti* and *motoscafi* and that another generation may see the end of a form of locomotion that is uniquely Venetian (if we except Miss Marie Corelli's *dépaysé* Stratford swan-scarer). The chug of the petrol motor will be no sort of substitute for the haunting cries of the curiously romantic oarsmen as they manoeuvre through the small canals and beneath the entrancing bridges which, in Evelyn's phrase, "tack the city together."

All the many and varied delights of this magical place are here: fried *scampi* (one must forget that the most succulent come from nearest the sewers), the evening concerts in the Piazza (which Napoleon called "the best drawing-room in Europe"), the Regatta with the traditionally-bedecked boats shooting beneath the Rialto bridge, the breath-taking colours of the view from across the waters of the lagoon, the façade of the Doge's Palace, the frescoed ceiling by Tiepolo in the Accademia, escalope *alla Bolognese*, the Tintorettos and the Carpaccios, and the hours squandered in oblivious day-dream at Florian's marble-topped tables.

"The danger of staying in Venice," says Mr. Patmore, "is that you become gradually indifferent to the rest of the world." A semblance of that fortunate state is not the least happy result of reading this book.

Sweet Cork of Thee is an attractive (if perhaps rather highly priced) collection of anecdote, reminiscence and local colour in South-West Eire, only to be tackled by those who are equal to abundant Begors! and Faiths! and who do not flinch at sentences like "Wisha, my God, isn't the circumference of you grand entirely." There are some good stories, especially one of a visit to Cork by Queen Victoria who stood up in her carriage to get a better view of a decorative harp, studded with new potatoes. "Nothing," she noted in her diary, "could be more gratifying or agreeable."

ARTHUR MARSHALL

THE IRISH AT WESTMINSTER

The Irish Parliamentary Party 1890-1910. By F. S. L. Lyons. *Faber*. 25s

The development of party organisation is one of the most obscure topics in the history of the last hundred years; every aspect of it is crying out to be written. One essential chapter will be the influence of the Irish representatives at Westminster on English party-life; and to this chapter Dr. Lyons has made a most valuable contribution. His book merits the warmest praise. It tackles a new subject; uses new materials; and is extremely well-written—one of those rare books which will give equal pleasure to the professional historian and the general reader. The subject certainly looks drab: it is the period when the Irish question was in the doldrums. It opens with the death of Parnell; it closes when the Third Home Rule Bill made Ireland once more the central question in British politics. In the intervening twenty years nothing happened of any consequence or of dramatic quality. The achievement of writing an exciting book is all the greater.

The opening chapter deals with the struggle for power in the party after Parnell's death—a struggle which began with a split and which continued even when the split ended in 1900. I could wish that Dr. Lyons had dealt here with the Parnellites as well as with the anti-Parnellites who made up the majority. As it is, the questions at issue seem unduly personal. There were, in fact, issues of principle, some of which have their parallel in the early history of the Labour party—especially the question whether to stake everything on alliance with the Liberals or to follow an independent line. This part of the story, though well-told, is the least original part of the book; what follows is pioneer work, a model to those who may cover the same period for other parties. Dr. Lyons has explored how the parliamentary candidates were selected; their educational background and professional standing; how they were controlled and how they were paid. The most important conclusion is the increasing gulf between the leaders and the rank-and-file. The leaders, till the end, were Parnell's former lieutenants—getting on in years, hardened in their ways, and, for the most part, prosperous barristers or journalists. The rank-and-file, increasingly chosen in Ireland against official influence, were not merely younger and less experienced: they were poorer and with less education, small farmers or shopkeepers, their only job in Parliament to give a silent vote and to applaud the endless eloquence of the great men. Perhaps this split in age and function, too, has its parallels in the history of the Labour party.

The Irish were the first to organise the systematic payment of their members, though of course only of those in actual want. Here, of course, the precedent for the Labour party is well-known. But there is another precedent, less known and more disturbing. Parnell was the first parliamentary leader to control a thoroughly disciplined party; as his successors declined in inspiration, they tried to strengthen their hold by increasing the discipline. Not only did they tighten the pledge exacted from candidates; they also used the payment of members to enforce its observance. As a result, the party remained as disciplined as it had been in the days of Parnell, even though its enthusiasm had declined; as a further, though unforeseen result, the disputes and divisions which might have taken place in a less rigid party found an outlet in the creation of a new political organisation. If the Irish party had been less disciplined, it might not have been able to dictate to the Liberal government in 1910; but it would also not have had to face, and soon to succumb to, the challenge of Sinn Fein. These

are only a few of the points to be squeezed from this admirable book. I hope Dr. Lyons will now turn his attention to the history of the Liberal Unionists—a theme of equal fascination and importance. Whatever he writes will be done well.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

NEW NOVELS

Judgment on Deltchev. By ERIC AMBLER. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Wind and The Flame. By MANES SPERBER. *Wingate.* 15*s.*

No Language But a Cry. By H. J. CROSS. *John Murray.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

How crooked can Communist politics be? How farcical can purge and counter-purge become? To what absurd depths of competition can man go for an opportunity to recant, to confess to Left deviationism, oppositionism, collaboration with Fascists, informing the Gestapo, and committing unintentionable obscenities involving the use of Stalin's photograph? Serious discussion of those things in literature seems to be played out. *Darkness at Noon* remains the classic, the book that revealed to the political naifs of Western Europe the authority of the dialectic. *Les Mains Sales*, with its organisation, its irony, and its intellectual play, was the last comment of the country of Voltaire; *1984*, with its ice-age despair, was the last comment of the country of Gladstone. And now, in the darkness at midnight, we are reduced to a thriller and what can best be described as a political bedroom farce.

In the position we have now reached, as the ice-age closes down on the political baboons' rock of 1951, *Judgment on Deltchev* is perhaps the only kind of book that an intelligent English writer who is not a genius could write about an East European country. The narrator, Foster, is a well-known playwright who has accepted an invitation to go as a newspaper reporter to cover the trial of Deltchev. Deltchev is a familiar figure. A pre-war minister of the second rank, he has emerged first as a Resistance leader and secondly as "Papa" Deltchev, leader of a socialist party which, in the post-war period, works with the Communists in the government. Now he is about to be tried, and he is accused, in accordance with the routine, not merely of treason, spying, and so forth, but of being a boss of a gang of reactionary assassins known as the Officer Corps Brotherhood.

What is the truth about Deltchev? The complexity of the answer is, curiously, increased by a Western simplification. There is no dialectic in this book; let Deltchev be a hero or let him be a scoundrel, Mr. Ambler's readers at least will judge him under Western eyes. It is possible—it certainly seems possible to Foster—that Deltchev is in fact a hero, a Western hero, a kind of Mittel Europa Abe Lincoln. But as things develop it becomes clear that there are too many pieces of evidence which won't fit in with this explanation, too many queer, dubious incidents. Can it be after all that the official explanation is correct—that Deltchev is, and always has been, corrupt, treacherous and criminal?

The solution lies between these extremes, and is presented by Mr. Ambler with the smoothness, the unobtrusiveness, of a highly-skilled waiter serving a carefully chosen meal to a respected customer. Naturally it is a well-cooked meal. The best ingredients—suspense, bewilderment, irony—are served up so as to suit almost any taste. Personally, I felt sorry not to be able to swallow it steadily or to swallow it whole.

To explain why, I must turn to Mr. Sperber. *The Wind and The Flame*, a very long novel set in the 1930s, is well-populated with East European Communists, mostly professional underground workers, of the type who produced the Deltchevs and near-Deltchevs of the Forties. Intellectuals or workers, their fate in Mr. Sperber's hands is always the same; their devotion to the proletariat, their honesty, leads them into deviation. They are generally expelled from the Party, and given a chance to recant and return—at a price—and sometimes they do so. This monotonous pattern of events, repeating itself through scores of thousands of words, like telegraph poles on a railway journey, is, to be frank, boring. One longs to cut out repetitious incidents, to prune the long heavy branches of wooden Mittel-Europa-Intellectual conversation. But Mr. Sperber goes on with a kind of ham-handed competence, grimly determined to tell everything.

And then, suddenly, about four-fifths of the way through the book, it pays off. It takes a long time to learn how to tell one character from another, but at last we know them all, know them intimately, as we know tiresome colleagues, know almost everything they've ever done. And now, Mr. Sperber, at last, puts his foot on the accelerator. The dance of death, which has been going with the stately formality of a minuet, takes on the liveliness of an Irish jig. Or, as I have suggested, of a bedroom farce. Who's in bed with the Comintern? The door is always just shutting on someone, and we have to guess who's fiancée has been hiding in the wardrobe all the time. At one moment you are among the supreme plenipotentiaries of the Party; at the next you are a traitor and a criminal. It can happen the other way round as well. Thus Vasso Militch, taken out of his cell and expecting to be shot, is offered instead the leadership of the German Party—at a price, of course. But for Mr. Sperber's long build-up, a lot of this would seem quite ludicrous. It seems incredible anyway that a Russia run like this could have survived a single day of war.

Yet, somehow, Mr. Sperber's picture is easier to accept than Mr. Ambler's. For the most important thing, the most interesting thing, about militant Communists is their Communism. Mr. Ambler's Communists are not Communists at all, and although *Judgment on Deltchev* is both an acute and a sympathetic book, it explains only what is unimportant about such trials in Eastern Europe. Deltchev belongs in Ruritania, and he and the people round him behave oddly because they are Ruritanians; Mr. Ambler's book does not, in consequence, rise above the level of a high-class, exciting Ruritanian thriller of 1951. *The Wind and The Flame*, boring sometimes and sometimes incredible, gives a more comprehensive understanding to those who can struggle through to the last lap.

No Language But a Cry shows how the working classes of Britain are driven to crime by the Attlee-Morrison social-fascist junta; its appearance is a triumphant example of freedom of criticism in a Western Democracy. Actually this is a rather flat, unoriginal—and wholly non-political—novel about a father and son, aged 35 and 12 respectively, who take to different kinds of thievery. There is a certain interest in Mr. Cross's examination of the forces which, with extreme poverty removed, drive people in this direction, but neither Joe nor Mickey ever come sufficiently alive to make this interest very absorbing.

J. D. SCOTT

MORE MAYHEW

Mayhew's Characters. Edited by PETER QUENNELL. *William Kimber.* 21*s.*

The re-establishment of *London Labour and the London Poor* has already inveigled us with two selections, *Mayhew's London* and *London's Underworld*: here is a third, and perhaps the best. Readers of the two earlier volumes will remember most acutely the life histories or personal narratives with which Mayhew was wont to heighten his catalogue; and these—for many of which there was previously not room—form the special interest of the new volume. Mayhew was an interviewer of genius. Dauntlessly he tracks down his subject; the story comes out, very often in surroundings of the deepest misery; we are

Edinburgh: The Golden Age

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The Dividing Stream

FRANCIS KING's novel is still selling well, and a third impression has been ordered. Lionel Hale wrote about it in *The Observer*: "I find this novel rare and indeed astonishing. Its surface has a glitter, with light and shade playing across it. It contrives, by its brilliant painting of character and its sense of small everyday dramas, to exercise a continuous fascination . . ." 12*s. 6d. net*

LONGMANS

transported by these *ipsissima verba* so as to forget the resolution and sympathy that must have drawn them out. When one does, ruminating from time to time, think of Mayhew himself, it is not as a journalist or copy-hunter, but as one of the great explorers. His London held revelations far beyond those of tropic or arctic, and requiring no less character in the discoverer. The *other* world—the world of extreme poverty on our own doorstep—has never been more remarkably, if on the surface methodically, brought home. The poor in Dickens seem by comparison to belong to pantomime; there will be lamps, fairies, a transformation scene, when we turn the page. No such illumination awaits Mayhew's characters. Some of them are lively, others despairing, others again sad or stoical; they don't blame circumstance—it just happened so; they have adventured recklessly, or started unlucky, or zigzagged in and out of jail; the young want to eat, the old to die, and there it is. Occasionally, in these spare, racy recitals—so free from embarrassment or self-pity—a sentence lingers. "I only know how many pennies goes to a shilling, and two ha'pence goes to a penny, and four fardens goes to a penny"—this from an eight-year-old watercress seller; and the young pickpocket's "Tracts is no good, except to a person that has a home."

Their occupations are many and curious. Here is the fellow, now a galantee showman, who remembers losing the skin off elbows and knees up chimneys; a youth boasts of being the only English boy going about the streets dancing and playing his own accompaniment on a tin whistle; a "photographic man" in Southwark not only has the difficulties of a new art to contend with, but undertakes to mesmerise clients with his camera into the bargain; a one-legged Italian gives a military performance in which he plays every part of an army from the distant drum taps to the general shouting orders and the private presenting arms; a dancing bear accompanied one man, a Happy Family of crows, mice, monkeys, ferrets and owls, another; tape is sold at a corner by a woman with a dislocated hip—she supports, with tea and bread and butter, a dying old man; children feast off the rotten fruit of the gutters, pick-pockets get wedged in chimneys, sing and dance, and beg crusts of the Jews in Petticoat Lane; a Moroccan cries rhubarb and spices; there are flower-sellers and tin-ware sellers and blind bootlace sellers and sellers of penny shorthand cards and goldfinches. Our impression is of streets desperately and dramatically thronged, of lives in the grip of some Illfare State—how remote seem Parliament and Queen and a well-lighted drawing-room!

Yet, appalling though the weight of misery may be, these thriftless or unlucky people steady us by their own calm or impart an incalculable lilt. The general effect of their voices is lively. Here is a beggar who, having exhausted the possibilities of old soldier from Spain, tries a fresh "lurk" or ruse:

> So I went under the care and tuition of a sailor. I became a *turnpike sailor*, as it's called, and went out as one of the shallow brigade, wearing a Guernsey shirt and drawers, or tattered trousers. There was a school of four. We only got a tidy living—16s or £1 a day among us. We used to call every one that came along—coalheavers and all—sea-fighting captains. "Now, my noble sea-fighting captain," we used to say, "fire an odd shot from your larboard locker to us, Nelson's bulldogs"; but mind we never tried that dodge on at Greenwich, for fear of the old geese, the Collegemen. The Shallow got so grannied [known] in London, that the supplies got queer, and I quitted the land navy. Shipwrecks got so common in the streets, you see, that people didn't care for them, and I dropped getting cast away.
>
> I then took to *screeving* [writing on the stones]. I got my head shaved, and a cloth tied round my jaws, and wrote on the flags—"*Illness and want*," though I was never better in my life, and always had a good bellyful before I started of a morning. I did very well at first: 3s or 4s a day—sometimes more—till I got grannied. There is one man who draws Christ's heads with a crown of thorns and mackerel, on the pavement, in coloured chalks. . . .

It is very difficult to leave off quoting this natural memoirist: his grandfather had been rich, his mother had flogged him, he had run away as a child to feed off gooseberry skins and sing ballads: beggars and their methods had always been his admiration.

Of course the rogues and the entertainers (fire-swallowers, conjurors, shadow showmen, and the like) talk with the most relish; but not one of Mayhew's characters fails to talk, notably, out of himself. In sum, this collection—which owes its origin and shape to the perspicacity of Mr. Peter Quennell—retails a humanity, downtrodden, stubborn, humorous, and pathetic, such as no nineteenth-century English novelist gives us more than a glimpse of. How much these sometimes masterly self-portraits owe to Mayhew and how much to the people themselves, is likely to remain mysterious. Here at any rate is an English journey to Siberia not incomparable with Dostoevsky's *House of Dead*.

G. W. STONIER

BOOK DESIGN

The Art of the Book. Edited by CHARLES EVE. *Studio*. 35*s*.

The days are gone when the only interest which the reader had in the physical appearance of a book was in whether the type was nice and large. The non-expert may still regard with suspicion the typographer who says that a Bodoni type face is psychologically right for the poems of Mr. Spender while nothing but Garamond will do for the novels of Mr. Greene; yet he is sensitive to the white space between lines, to margins and the possible beauty of the title page. This insidious education in the aesthetics of the book he owes to the few printers and publishers who during the last fifty years have revolutionised English book production, designed fine types based on the principles of the great Renaissance types to replace the illiterate faces of the nineteenth century. *The Art of the Book* is an anthology of contributions, text and plates, of book design in all its forms during the last decade throughout the world, and the first opportunity one has had to form any clear idea of comparative achievement. There have been small exhibitions and there was, of course, the French Book exhibition at the National Gallery shortly after the war, when we realised with a delighted shock that the occupation had produced perhaps the finest period of French illustration during the century. We, in England, apart from lacking the French tradition of this type of book, had preoccupations which prevented any such grandiose forms of escape as Picasso's great edition of Buffon, a book in direct line of descent from the Burgundian Books of Hours.

The English contribution to this book is thus mild and worthy rather than exciting, and in this it is representative of all the other contributions. Paper was poor and had to be used with the greatest economy and, since everything could be sold with ease, only publishers of integrity really accepted the challenge to discover a way to make a book readable, economical and attractive. Even those who did abandoned their typographical experiments of pre-war years and pursued chastity. And looking through the pages of *The Art of the Book* one realises that the experimental period has not returned with peace. The renaissance has been achieved, and the standard of book production throughout the world is higher than it has been for over a century, revolt is no longer necessary. This is shown by the examples of the few new types which have been designed since the war—mainly in Germany. They have nothing new; in fact, have a tendency to be no more than mannerist versions of the "great" period between the wars. And in another direction one may point to the change of heart of Mr. Jan Tschichold, who has abandoned the rebellious austerity of the Bavhavs style of typography, which was entirely original, for a classical style in the Italian Renaissance tradition—a style which he, indeed, handles perfectly. Thus, if we take the evidence of this book, we can expect no shocks in type design or display but a retention of blessedly high standards.

MICHAEL SWAN

A GREAT CIVIL SERVANT

Paterson on Prisons. Being the Collected Papers of Sir Alexander Paterson. Edited by S. K. RUCK. *Muller*. 15*s*.

It is the sentence of imprisonment, not the treatment accorded in prison, that constitutes the punishment; and the fact that "treatment" has acquired a curative connotation is essentially due, not to a disinterested concern for fallen brethren, but to the fact that they will sooner or later be up and out again, "cured" or not. A notably unsentimental reformer who could declare it "kinder to break a man's neck than to break his heart," Paterson always saw that society was doubly safer when criminals were under lock and key, because then they could do no visible harm and might, by their lugubrious example, deter others still free. But from the time when he came down from Oxford to live and teach among the poorest people in Bermondsey until the time when he was a Prison Commissioner and President of the International Penal and Penitentiary Commission, he kept before him the project that prison must be something more than a mere place of custody. Every offender convicted for a second time seemed to him another "loss of amateur status" full of tragic reproach and challenge.

For a man who wrote such distinguished prose he appeared seldom in print. Most of these rather oddly assorted examples of his work are taken from his own departmental reports about the frequent foreign missions on which he was sent by successive Home Secretaries. But they make most other writings on penology seem flat-footed and platitudinous, and they reflect a mind of extraordinary vigour and wisdom. It has, in fact, become an impertinence to call in question anything he wrote; and though all his work is stamped with the humility of true scholarship he left behind him a kingdom, vastly *plus royaliste que le roi*, to which such impertinences are bound to be hurtful.

It is for this reason that his editor, Mr. S. K. Ruck, will attract only modified gratitude from Paterson's disciples. Mr. Ruck has drawn upon departmental reports and other Patersoniana for his often thinly related snippets, attempting to "weave together the general observations from these and other sources to form coherent arguments under various subject headings; the writing," adds Mr. Ruck, "apart from a few necessary adjustments in the wording to effect liaisons, is Paterson's own throughout." He has thus exposed his hero to an unmerited criticism. One can accept the "adjustments" in a text that need not be treated as Holy Writ, but the duty of an editor goes beyond this. Such jig-saw work with a lifetime's writing, however skilful (and Mr. Ruck's is ingenious), involves the suppression of dates; so that not only is the development of Paterson's thought almost lost, but a new currency is given to pronouncements now demonstrably ill-founded.

Among the latter is a reference to the Belgian

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system of "solitary confinement" at the beginning of a sentence for murder, which Paterson always regarded as an argument in favour of hanging but which was discontinued years ago and was never "solitary" in the sense usually understood. And when Paterson told the 1930 Select Committee on Capital Punishment that "imprisonment for terms beyond ten years is less humane than the death sentence," he could not have foreseen that there would be murderers in experimental training prisons like Maidstone and even in open ones like Wakefield. It is a fair criticism of his evidence, by the way, that no one sentenced to death has yet been known to reject the offer of a reprieve. While men are prepared to kill one another thoughtfully, there will be no end to their rationalisations.

The editor and publishers of these papers have done a considerable public service in putting them before the general reader, whom otherwise they could hardly have reached. I am especially grateful for what seems to me the best thing in a book wherein it hardly belongs, a brief apostrophe to boys choosing their first jobs. It is called "Give or Get," and it appeared in the *Toc H. Journal* in 1924.

> You may divide Gaul into three parts [it begins], and the compass into four; you may cut the earth into five continents; but there are only two sorts of men—the givers and the getters. The issue that divides them is far deeper than time or space, language or colour; for the motives of service and acquisition are directly contrary to one another and are at the root of conduct.

C. H. ROLPH

The Dolomites. By C. DOUGLAS MILNER. *Hale.* 25*s.*

This handsome book will be bought and cherished mainly for its 150 splendid photographs, but Mr. Milner has added enough prose to make it something of a guide as well as a picture book. He is practical, with sections on road travel and suggested walking tours; descriptive, with a chapter to introduce the photographs of each district; and historical, with notes on war in the Dolomites, the South Tyrol problem, and the exploits of the early mountaineers. It is a climber's book, in the sense that most of the photographs are of mountains (including a fine group of action photographs), and will tempt climbing readers to finger out their own routes, in prospect or retrospect up these strange spires, campaniles and castle-walls of rock. But there are also some charming pictures, of village, church, and market place, which show the Dolomites as a home as well as a playground.

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Week-end Competitions

No. 1,122

Set by G. de Vavasour

Prizes are offered for an extract of the following: a description of a murder by Jane Austen; of an afternoon tea party in a cathedral town by Hemingway; of a football match by L. Compton Burnett; of a prize day at a girls' school by Conrad; or a vignette of factory life by Henry James. (150 words.) Entries by September 4th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,119

Set by Naomi Lewis

The usual prizes are offered for a poem, complete in 23 syllables, entitled *Ennui*.

Report by Naomi Lewis

The pathetic fallacy! Does it exist in other climates? Conceived one wet week-end, this competition came to birth on another; and it was melancholy to see how many and how heartfelt were the entries. Why (some asked) 23 syllables? Well, 17, as in the Japanese *hokku*, seemed too few. Some poems did, indeed, have an Oriental flavour ("... I feed," writes W. Price Turner, "the grey swans of dissipation with my yawns"), but Sickert was a stronger influence. Prizes of 25*s.* go to Piers Plowman, Elisabeth Lister and E.C.; and of 17*s.* to Phyllis Terry, A.B., and (for entries, with translations, in five languages) D. L. L. Clarke. Good entries, besides those printed, came from E. M. Barlow, D. H., R. S. Jaffray, Rowan Jacie, A. McMahon.

Three.
Lunch done. Too soon for tea.
No sound.
But rain. Glazed eyes all round.
Stay? Go?
Yawns clock, tick tock,
Go? Stay?

PIERS PLOWMAN

Great
With child,
Unreconciled,
I wait
For the late
Spring:
Bearing no love,
No hate
For this
New thing.

ELIZABETH LISTER

Tides come, tides go
waves break, winds blow
on the bleak sea shore.
... day after day
they
bore
me more ...
... and more.

E. C.

I never was bor'd in my pram,
Or trav'lling by tram,
But now that I fly
In the sky
I am.

PHYLLIS TERRY

Ennui,
La pluie
Ne fuit
Jamais.
L'été Anglais
Seulement permet
Mélancolie,
Ennui.

A. B.

In sunlight
By cinema's closed door
Sits
A nodding idiot
Waiting hard
For Sunday night.

BRAM

I've wolfed my lotuses;
Life is long perfection.
Welcome, now,
Even indigestion.

S. K.

The tea is cold;
The tale of her operation
She'll unfold;
She got in first,
Mine stays untold.

D. N. DALGLISH

The Well-Known Annual
EXHIBITION

ARTISTS OF FAME AND OF PROMISE

Part 2 closes September 22nd

John Craxton	Henry Moore
P. Connard, R.A.	J. Minton
Derain	J. Nash, R.A.
Dufy	Sir W. Nicholson
Epstein	Ben Nicholson
Ernst	John Piper
Spencer Gore	Claude Rogers
Duncan Grant	Stanley Spencer, C.B.E.
Harpignies	Wilson Steer, O.M.
Barbara Hepworth	Sickert
Derek Hill	Matthew Smith
Ivon Hitchens	William Scott
Patrick Heron	Utrillo
Augustus John, O.M., R.A.	Keith Vaughan
Wyndham Lewis	Carel Weight
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"Must keep alive,
Come—let's jive,
Have a gin and lime.
Oh, the thrill,
Just to kill
You, instead of time." M. STEPHENS

Elle jasait, jasait,
En se donnant des airs.
Lui, il la regardait
Ne l'écoutant guère. ANNTÉ ALLEN

Blond, handsome, he stood before me,
Blocking the sunlight;
Asking what club I used on the long sixth.
DRAGONET

Nothin' to
see or do . . .
Nix at the
flicks . . . Sat the
whole day in-
veighin'
'gainst nulli-
ty, dully. EDWARD BLISHEN

The rain has not stopped all day long.
I have read all my books
And there is no one to play Mah-Jongg.
ETHEL TALBOT SCHEFFAUER

Chess: Pawns Running Amok

No. 90

"To attack indiscriminately, actuated by a frenzied desire for blood . . ."—this dictionary definition for the amok-runner generally fits him who would send his pawns rushing on quite early in the game, in the quest of storming the enemy stronghold single-handed: a quest usually doomed to failure, and deservedly so as some of us know from bitter experience. Yet, there is always the proverbial exception to prove the rule, and some readers may remember an article on that subject (April 15, 1950) with a game in which Marshall shifted nothing but pawns in his first 14 moves, and yet got away with it against Ragosin. Here is another example, a game played by Prof. Bruening, in the U.S.A. in 1907. He too violated the golden rule and yet, without developing a single piece, he won his game; or rather, his opponent lost it.

(1) P-Q4	P-Q4	(5) B x Kt	P x Kt
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(6) B-K5	P x KtP
(3) B-B4	P-QB4	(7) resigns.	
(4) Kt-QB3	BP x P		

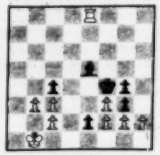
The American journal *Chess Life* published a much more amazing game in which the winner never moved a single piece until his eleventh move—so amazing indeed that I have a hunch the game was concocted rather than played. (The very names of the contestants seem too good to be true.) However, if it *was* concocted it was certainly very well done, and who of us would not prefer fiction to fact if the one happens to be interesting and the other dull? Here then is the game, and let it be a lesson to all of us, or at any rate to those of us who need it.

KUJOTH	FASHINGBAUER	KUJOTH	FASHINGBAUER
(1) P-K4	P-QB4	(9) P-B5	Kt-Q4
(2) P-QKt4	P x P	(10) P-Kt6	Q-Q1
(3) P-QR3	Kt-QB3	(11) R x P	R x R
(4) P x P	Kt-KB3	(12) P x R	Q-R4 ch
(5) P-Kt5	Kt-QKt1	(13) Kt-B3 ! !	Kt x Kt
(6) P-K5	Q-B2	(14) P x Kt	(Q) KtxQ ch
(7) P-Q4!	Kt-Q4	(15) B-Q2 !	resigns
(8) P-QB4	Kt-Kt3		

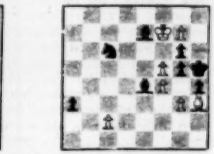
I have refrained from dotting Black's score with question-marks. His failures, of course, start with the omission on his 3rd move to play the healthy rejoinder P-Q4.

For this week's competition nothing could be more fitting than two studies by Korolkov who is quite a specialist in the theme of ambitious pawns. In **A** the winning line, even though it takes 10 moves to demonstrate it, is obvious enough for 6 ladder-points to be considered a most generous assessment. As for **B**, this may well be under-rated with 8 points, if it weren't for my useful hint that White, to force a draw, has

A: W. Korolkov 1936



B: W. Korolkov 1929



to do a certain amount of preparatory work before his pawns get going. Entries by September 3.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set August 4

A: (1, Kt-Kt4 ch, K-K2. (2) Kt-B5 ch, K-Q2. (3) Kt-K5 ch, K-B1. (4) Kt-K7 ch, K-Kt1. (5) Kt-Q7 ch, K-R2. (6) Kt-B8 ch, K-R3. (7) Kt-K8 ch, K-Kt4. (8) Kt-R7 ch, K-Kt5. (9) Kt-R6 ch, K-B6. (10) Kt-Kt5 ch, K-Q6. (11) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-K7. (12) Kt-B3 ch, K-B7. (13) Kt-Q3 ch, K-Kt6. (14) Kt-Kt4 ch, K-Kt5. (15) Kt-K5 ch, K-B4. (16) Kt-Kt 3 ch, K-B3 etc.

B: K at K5,P at QKt6, mating by (1) P x B, Kt-R3. (2) P-R8 (Kt), followed by Kt-Kt6.

C: (1) B-B8, R-KKt6. (2) B-Q6, Kt-B6. (3) B-R3 etc.

D: (1) Kt-Q2, P-B4. (2) K-R4, P-B5. (3) K-Kt4, P-B6. (4) K-R3, P-B7. (5) K-Kt2, P queens. (6) K x Q etc.

E: I: (1) P-B8(Kt), followed by B-B7 mate.

II: (1) P-Kt7, K-B2. (2) P x Kt (Q), K-Q3. (3) B-R2 mate.

III: (1) B-Q3, Kt-B5. (2) B-K2, Kt-R6. (3) B-Q1 etc.

F: (1) P-Kt4, P x P. (2) Kt x P, K-Q7. (3) K-Kt1 ! K-Q6. (4 Kt-R6, K-K5. (5) Kt x P, K-B4. (6) K-K5 ! etc.

G: (1) Kt-B3 ch, K-R8. (2) Q-R4 ch, K-Kt7. (3) Q-R2 ch, K-B7. (4) Q-Kt1 ch, K-Q7. (5) Q-Kt2 ch, K-K8. (6) Q-B1 ch, K-B7. (7) K-Q1 ch, K-B6. (8) Q-B3 ch, K-K7. (9) Q-Kt2 ch, K-Q6 ! (10) Q-Kt3 ch, K-Q7. (11) Q-R2 ch, K-Q6. (12, Kt-Kt2 ch, K-K6. (13) Kt-B4 ch, K-B6. (14) Kt-K5 ch etc.

Most competitors were stumped by **G**. Others overlooked the subtlety of (3) K-Ktl in **F** (K-Kt2 would allow a B-check 3 moves later). Flawless solutions from Eric Allan, D. E. Cohen, A. Levy, A. Schneider, who share the prizes.

Last week's White K in **C** on K5. No news yet about the July 28 entries; the parcel containing them went astray and the French Postal authorities are trying to trace it. Let us wish them luck. The idea that so much labour might have no issue is unthinkable.

ASSIAC

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

NORTH Devon, overlooking Atlantic. Do you want a quiet, restful holiday in a scene of bewitching beauty? Good food, courteous attention, elec. Mod. terms. Grosvenor Guest House, Stoke, Hartland. Mr. & Mrs. W. Stewart, Proprietors. Tel. Hartland 25.

POLPERRO, Cornwall. Facing South and looking over fields to the sea. No appetite too large. Atlantis Guest House. Pol. 43.

ST. LEONARDS-on-Sea (chosen for its mild climate). Delightful holidays at well-appointed private hotel (35 beds). Vacancies from mid-September £4 14s. 6d. to £7 12s. 6d. weekly including gratuities; early tea, 4 meals daily, coffee, baths, h. & c. in room, spring interior mattresses; easy chairs for all in two well-furnished lounges and congenial fellow-guests (chiefly readers of New Statesman and like-minded people). Good catering and service. Theatre parties weekly (optional). Reduction winter guests (substantial on twin-bedded rooms); central heating. Normanhurst Private Hotel, Eversfield Parade, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Medically commended; best part sea front opposite all-weather promenade. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. A good holiday will make all the difference to the winter. The best air in Sussex and wonderful food will make you eat like a horse. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

ALL readers taking late holidays should consider St. Leonards for its mild climate (sheltered from N. & N.E.), and its general excellence. Normanhurst Private Hotel is always warm throughout, has vacancies from mid-Sept., and is on best part (full south and facing covered walk) of fine three-mile seafront excelling in modern sun shelters. For terms see advert. commencing St. Leonards.

GUESTS taken at XVIIIth century farmhouse in Sussex Downs. 2 double bedrooms (single beds) and sitting-room. Mod. comfs. & own produce. Fishing, swimming in Arun, 5 miles to coast. 5gns. p.w. Box 5292.

PAYING guests welcomed in Cornish country house. Home dairy and poultry farm. E.L. 3 bathrooms. Games-room. Garage. Central for golf and beaches. "St. Giles," Wadebridge. Tel. 212.

NR Beaconsfield, Bucks. 2 Jordans Way. Jordans. Charming, well-run modern Guest House in lovely country. London 24 miles. Restaurant open to non-residents. Reserve tables. Tel. Jordans 2155.

TREWORNAN Manor Hotel, Nr. Wadebridge, N. Cornwall. 16th Cent. Manor, in 18 acres of lawns and woodlands, adjoining bird sanctuary. Own fishing, shooting. Easy reach golfing & beaches at Rock and Daymer Bay. Own farm prod. Terms from 4½gns. Open all year round. Brochure on request.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

HILL lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts; good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/5½gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Tel. Llanrwst 166.

LAKE Garda. Inexpensive and lovely September-October holiday near Gardone Riviera in spotlessly clean, comfortable Hotel, beautifully situated, with balconies overlooking lake, excellent cuisine. Day excursions possible to Dolomites, Venice, Verona. English spoken. Individual attention given. 20s.-25s. p. day inclusive. Write Manager, Albergo Milano, Maderno Sul Garda, Italy.

HASTINGS. Oakhurst Hotel, The Ridge. Beautiful grounds (15 acres). Every comfort. H. & C., central heating, excellent cuisine (home produce) and happy atmosphere. Children welc. Early tea, 4 meals, and late tea. 4½-6½gns. Brochure. Tel. Baldslow 0444.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accom. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. 5gns. per wk. Summer terms 6gns. Robertsbridge 148.

IN the heart of the lovely Lammermuirs, yet only 32 miles from Edinburgh. Rathburne Hotel, Longformacus, Duns. Home produce, excellent cooking, 3,000-volume library, trout streams, riding; fully licensed. "Out of the World and into Longformacus."

SIMPLE accommodation with friendly people. Woods, bathing, grand river and moorland walks, quiet Pennine valley. From 3gns. Roberts, Wheat Ing Farm, Hebden Bridge, Yorks.

HASTINGS 4571. The Continental, 10 Albany Rd., St. Leonards-on-Sea, is open all year round. Congenial atmosphere, optima conditions. Competitive terms and further reductions for couples.

"BIDE-a-While Book." Unique guide to Britain's good hotels, inns, guesthouses. Post free, with Supplement, 3s. 6d. N. S. Hilton, 45 Fleet St., Torquay.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in lovely country within reach Eastbourne. Comfort and good food. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam, Sussex.

CRAB and Lobster Hotel, Ventnor, Isle of Wight. Tel. 161. English and Continental cuisine. Games room. Scheduled as an historical building. Terms: 6gns.-8gns.

NATURIST Sun-bathing holidays. In sunny Devon at Britain's best Sun Club. Full facils., and mod. cons., nudist sun and air bathing. Write (enc. 1s.) for brochure: Sec. (C), N. Devon Club, Beaworthy, Devon. Sunbathers' magazine listing 53 British Sun Clubs, 1s. 3d. post free.

WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

RYE. Reopened under new management after extensive improvements. The Hope Anchor Hotel, Watchbell Street. Superb position, high and airy. Rye 2216.

ST. BARNABAS, Southwold, Suffolk (Southwold 2264). Holiday and residential terms for professional and gentlewomen of small means. Vacancies from Nov. 1. Apply Lady Superintendent.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Jersey Herd. Surf-bathing Polzeath until November. Golf St. Enodoc. Port Isaac 234.

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HASTINGS, St. Leonards-on-Sea. Kendal Hotel, 78 Marina; on sea front; completely modernised; H. & C. in all bedrooms; every comfort. Winter terms 5½-7gns. Summer terms 5-7gns. 'Phone Hastings 5110.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Fishing, golf, lakes. Comfort and good food. A.A., R.A.C. Write brochure. Tel. 71.

FOR the country-lover—Herts-Essex border, 27 mls. London. Good food, sunny rms., mod. house, large gdn., delightful surroundings. "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford. Hatfield Heath 263.

AUTUMN Holidays. Informal country house 3 miles Teignmouth, 200ft. above estuary, facing south. Bus to gates. Full board, H. & C., central heating, log fires. Own produce. Children welcome. Books, music and games room. Also furnished cottage free October. Sleep 5-6. All mains services. Murley Grange, Bishopsteignton.

CORNWALL. Port Isaac. The Lawns Hotel, overlooking Bay and 13 miles of coastal scenery. Thoroughly recommended. Few vacancies September. Terms 5½gns. Write for Brochure. Tel. 291.

LLEDR Valley, Snowdonia. Picturesque house in beautiful remote situation above colourful mountain valley. Modern comfort. Continental cooking. From 6gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Vacancies Sept. Tel. Dolw. 220.

AUTUMN Holidays. Book now for sunny S. Devon and Cornwall. Inclusive terms from £4 4s. week, single. Comfortable, good food, well recommended. Illustrated brochure 18, Bishop, Fairfield Guest House, Dawlish, Devon. Tel. 2151.

WALLINGFORD-on-Thames. White Cross Hotel. 6 acres lovely grounds. Fishing, sailing, tennis. A.A. appvd. Tel. 3155.

LAYTONS Wine Merchants, 2a Duke St. (Manchester Sq.), W.1, are also party caterers. WEL. 8808, 1864, Restaurant 0709.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short-term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3 mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CLN. 8837.

LEARN Shorthand by September 24 (one hour's study nightly). First lesson 2½d. stamp. Duttons (Dept. N.S.), 92 Gt. Russell St., London, W.C.1.

HEAL'S have a selection of exclusive carpets and rugs which they have specially designed for use with Contemporary Furniture. Please write for further particulars and patterns. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

SHIRTS, pyjamas and nightshirts to measure. Your or my material. Also repairs neatly executed. A. Malinow, 48 Great George St., Leeds, 1.

MONOMARK Service. Permanent London Address. Letters redirected. Confidential. 5s. p.a. Royal patronage. Write Monomark, BCM/MONO12, W.C.1.

PARACHUTES. Nylon. Peach, Rose or Light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in., 2 panels 20s.; 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 122), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

NEW White Cotton Pillow Lengths, Superb quality. 3yds. × 34in. each 25s. 6d. Pure White Silk Parachutes, 16 panels, each 36in. × 84in., 4 panels 15s., 8 panels 27s. 6d. Whole Par. 52s. 6d. Post free. Money back guarantee. Premier Drapery Co. (Dept. 46), 113 Church St., London, N.16.

GREAT summer reductions Parachutes, pure white heavy English silk or primrose nylon; each panel 36in. × 132in., 3in. at top, 2 panels 15s., 4 panels 27s. 6d., 8 panels 52s. 6d. New Irish linen lengths. Natural shade, 6yds. × 24in. each 23s. 6d.; 6yds. × 32in. each 25s. New off-white heavy linen lengths. Ideal for furnishings, loose covers, etc. 78in. × 27in. approx., 2 lengths for 22s. 6d. New grey linen boxed mattress cases (box 4) to 5in., (a) 6ft. × 2ft. 3in., each 22s. 6d.; (b) 6ft. × 3ft., each 26s. 6d. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.16.

PRINTING with Personality. Booklets, reports, appeals. The Priory Press, Malvern. Est. 1898.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY of New Zealand. Position of Vice-Chancellor. The Senate of the University of New Zealand, which is a federal University, consisting of six Colleges, invites applications for the appointment of a full-time Vice-Chancellor. The salary will be the same as that of an Academic Head of a constituent College, which at present stands at £2,000 per annum, but is under review. An entertainment allowance of £200 per annum will also be paid. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 15, 1951.

VICTORIA University College, Wellington, New Zealand. The Council of Victoria University College proposes shortly to make an appointment to the Chair of Chemistry and invites applications from suitably qualified persons for this post. The salary will be £1,500 per annum, rising by annual increments of £100 per annum to £1,700 per annum. The initial salary will be determined according to the qualifications and the experience of the appointee. Duties to commence on February 1, 1952, or as soon thereafter as agreed upon by the Council. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from the Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is October 1, 1951.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Senior Programme Assistant, Italian Section, South European Service. Duties include writing, editing and initiating scripts, deputising for Programme Organiser, assisting in administration of section, allocating duties to programme assistants and planning and supervising the output. Essential qualifications: sound up-to-date knowledge of Italy, its political and economic problems and people, good general knowledge, interest in world affairs, and thorough knowledge of Italian. Ability to speak Italian at microphone an asset. Salary £835 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,080. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "Senior P.A. Italian, N.Stns." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

B.B.C. invites applications for post of Programme Assistant, Spanish Section, South European Service. Duties include writing, editing and initiating scripts, broadcasting and newsreels, deputising for Programme Organiser, assisting in administration of section. Essential qualifications: sound up-to-date knowledge of Spain, its political and economic problems and people, good general knowledge, keen interest in world affairs, thorough knowledge of Spanish. Ability to speak Spanish at microphone an asset. Salary £745 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £965. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "P.A. Spanish, N. Stns." within a week. For acknowledgement please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Edinburgh. Applications are invited for the appointment of Assistant in Italian. Salary £450–£550 per annum, with placement according to experience and qualifications, and with the Superannuation Benefit and Family Allowance where applicable. Some knowledge of Italian Philology is desirable. The successful candidate will be expected to take up duty on October 1, 1951. Applications, giving the names of three referees, should be lodged with the undersigned not later than September 15, 1951. Charles H. Stewart, Secy. to the University.

KENT County Council. Children's Department. Applications are invited for the post of Administrative Assistant for duties concerned with the administration and supervision of Children's Homes. Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or a similar qualification and should have had experience in connection with Children's Homes. Further particulars and application forms from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone not later than September 10, 1951. Salary within Grade A.P.T. IV of the National Scales i.e. £530 a year rising by annual increments of £15 to a maximum of £575 a year. The post is subject to the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful applicant will be required to pass a medical examination. W. L. Plaits, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Maidstone.

CHESHIRE County Council. Children's Department. Sale Children's Home, "Aversham," Wardle Road, Sale. Appointment of Resident Assistant House Mother. Applications are invited from women of the Roman Catholic Faith, with a genuine interest in children, for the above-named post. Salary £4 7s. per week, plus 15s. per week in lieu of hours worked in excess of a normal 48-hour week, less 23s. per week for board, lodging and laundry. The post offers opportunities for practical training in the work for women who are interested in child care. Applications, stating age, experience, past and present employment, together with the names of two persons to whom reference can be made, should be sent to the Superintendent of the Home, Mr. R. W. West-Skinn, at the above address immediately. M. Lloyd-Williams, County Children's Officer.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

UNIVERSITY of Sydney. Lectureship in Mineral Development and Assaying. Applications are invited for the above-mentioned position in the Department of Chemical Engineering. Applicants should hold a University degree and have experience in Mineral Dressing and Assaying. The salary of the Lecturer is in the range £650–£1,000 per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at present £112 males, £94 females) with annual increments of £50, and is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. (All amounts in Australian currency.) The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The successful applicant will be required to take up duties as soon as practicable. Further particulars and information as to the method of application may be obtained from The Secretary, Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. The closing date for the receipt of applications is September 15, 1951.

NEWSPAPER Librarian required by important Provincial daily. Take charge large library and reorganise cutting files, etc. Interesting job with scope for development. Library qualification desirable and some newspaper experience preferred. Salary £525 or more according to experience. Box 5379.

SECRETARY required for the Education Committee of the John Lewis Partnership. In addition to the Secretaryship of the Committee the duties include the supervision of adult Educational activities and junior Continuation classes. Teaching experience or experience in Educational administration essential. Pay not less than £500 per annum; more to applicant with exceptional qualifications. Write giving very full particulars to the Director of Personnel, John Lewis & Co., Ltd., Oxford Street, London. Applications must be received by September 8, but acknowledgement will not be sent before that date.

NATIONAL Health Service Act, 1946. Shrewsbury Hospital Management Committee (Group No. 15). Shelton Mental Hospital, Shrewsbury. Psychiatric Social Worker required. Appliceress must have completed the London University, or a similar, Mental Health Course. Salary £370, rising £330 per annum by annual increments of £20 (subject to revision), with travelling expenses. The post is subject to the provisions of the National Health Service (Superannuation) Regulations, and to a satisfactory medical examination. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, etc., with copies of testimonials, to be addressed to the Medical Superintendent immediately. J. P. Mullen, Secretary, Royal Salop Infirmary, Shrewsbury.

PSYCHOLOGICAL Tester required for newly-established (i.e. non-pensionable) posts in H.M. Prison and Borstal Service at Birmingham, Bristol, Durham, Liverpool and London. Duties, under the direction of a Medical Officer or Psychologist, would involve the carrying out of intelligence and aptitude tests, both individually and in groups. Salary scales: Men £350 × £10—£400 per annum; women £280 × £10—£320 per annum. Starting pay may be increased according to experience. Application form and regulations from Officer (E 84/4/7), Prison Commission, Dean Ryle Street, Westminster, London, S.W.1, to be returned by Sept. 8, 1951.

ADVISORY Department, National Association for Mental Health. Applications invited from a full-time or part-time social worker, preferably a psychiatric social worker. Duties include dealing by interview and correspondence with enquiries concerning a wide variety of mental problems. Wide knowledge is necessary of facilities for treatment, special education and training, and of suitable accommodation for persons suffering from mental disability or disturbance. Experience of case-work is essential. Applications to the General Secretary, National Association for Mental Health, 39 Queen Anne St., W.1, within 14 days of this advertisement.

REQUIRED for Sample room and Showroom, Knitted Coat and Suit, etc., House, capable young woman able to sketch accurately. Applicants must have ability to apply system of stock control of samples and have size-size figure. Box 25, waist 25, hips 37. Height approx. 5ft 5in–5ft 7in. No previous Fashion Trade experience is necessary, but an intelligent and conscientious worker is required. Good salary to start, plus bonus. Luncheon vouchers. Write in confidence to Box 5178, stating age and salary required and education standard achieved.

CANADIAN Red Cross Memorial Hospital, Taplow, nr. Maidenhead. Shorthand-typist required for duty in the office of the Physician-in-Charge of the Special Unit for Juvenile Rheumatism. Knowledge of medical terminology desirable. Salary according to age on the National Health Service (General) Division Scale. Applications stating age and experience, together with copies of two testimonials, should be sent to the Administrative Officer.

UNUSUAL opportunity for three intelligent, adaptable women seeking happier way of living by useful conscientious service in cause of suffering mankind. Must be country-lovers, willing undertake arduous work in established ideal Health Home, country village, Hampshire. Cooking, Domestic and Nursing duties required. Interest in Homoeopathy helpful. Pleasant furnished cottage available. Close friends or sisters also considered. Highest references only. Box 5466.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

THE Board of the School of Planning and Research for Regional Development invites applications for the post of Principal. The applicants should be conversant with the principles of practice of Town and Country Planning and be familiar with recent trends in planning education. Qualifications in the economic and sociological fields will be considered equally with technique and design. He should have a bias and constructive outlook and be able to undertake original investigations. He will be expected to undertake work in his particular subject outside his academic duties. Further particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, School of Planning, 34 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1. Closing date for applics. Sept. 30, 1951.

THE International Friendship League (British Section) invite applications for the following positions: General Secretary (Salary £500); Asst. General Secretary (£350); Travel Organiser (£450). Write for full particulars to: The Secretary, I.F.L., 3 Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.7.

LONDON, S.E.18. Applications invited from qualified persons resident in the London area for post of full-time Warden-Leader for mixed Youth Club and Centre for Youth. Salary according to qualifications. Unfurnished accommodation provided. Full particulars and copies of three recent testimonials to the Secretary, Youth Club Committee, 71 Rectory Place, S.E.18.

INTERNATIONAL Student Service invites applications for position of Organizing Secretary to develop I.S.S. work in London colleges. Details from I.S.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for temporary or permanent posts in the West End. Permanent posts up to £7. Temporary (for our emergency staff) £6 10s., 10–5, no Sats. Dutton's Secretarial Service (Agy.), 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Museum 7379.

SHORTHAND-typist for interesting work at a Residential Conference Centre near the Lake District. Salary £200 p.a., plus residential emoluments. Full particulars in own handwriting to Box 5325.

PRIMAVERA, 149 Sloane St., require intelligent, efficient Sales Assistant for fabrics, pottery, glass, etc. Experience desirable. Apply for appointment: SLO. 5779.

MOTHER'S Help for 6-wk.-old twins. Alias, 10 Colefarne Mansions, S.W.5.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ABLE worker, 27, married, Cambridge M.A., Cert. Ed., with German (incl. research in Germany), English, French; also teaching, organising, nursing exp.; free now for international, to-ed. or other responsible post. Pike, 21 Wood Ride, Haywards Heath.

ENERGETIC ex-student-producer and writer, 24, seeks interesting part-time engagement. Knowledge film, radio scripting, TV, and business exp. Cd. assist Author, Journalist, Dramatist, Producer. Box 5512.

LADY (23), music graduate with secretarial quals., seeks interesting post in or within travelling distance London. Box 5373.

FIRST-class Sec. s/t., executive experience, free-lance. MOU. 1701.

RESEARCH assistant wants work. Scientific terms understood. Mod. wages. Hrs. to suit client. A. James, 5 Gayton Crescent, N.W.3. HAM. 6340.

YNG. woman sks. pt.-time wk. London. Secrett. (own typewriter), writing ability, Fr., initiative. Wide interests. Box 5534.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

BOOK Bargains. We have been able to purchase large quantities of new books, which we can offer at half price or less. All in mint condition. Stamp for full lists of bargains, such as "Manon Lescaut" by Prevost, illustrated de luxe edition. Published £6 6s., our price 3s. post free. Town Bookshop, Binfield, Middx. All books on money-back guarantee.

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SOUND books on all aspects of Marriage and Family life. List free (or s.a.e. from): National Marriage Guidance Council, 78 Duke St., W.1.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAI. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Bucher Gesucht! R. & E. Striner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL. 7924.

"DRAMA." Autumn issue now ready. Articles by Rosamond Gilder, Ashley Dukes, J. W. Lambert, etc. Price 1s. 6d. (postage 2d.), from 9 Fitzroy Sq., W.1.

INTERESTED in languages? Then read "The Linguist," published monthly with articles and features in English, French, German, Spanish, Italian and Esperanto. Original, entertaining and, above all, helpful. 1s. from newsagents, or 13s. yearly from "The Linguist," 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57 Kensington Church St., W.8. New and second-hand books. Also full stock Everyman's, Penguin and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES. 4014.)

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

DR. SCOTT Williamson, founder of Peckham Experiment, writes in this week's "Freedom." Herbert Read contributes monthly feature, "Kicks and Ha'pence." Two issues 1½d.; specimen, post free from Freedom, 27 Red Lion St., London, W.C.1.

"TO See and To Hear," by C. Leslie Thomson, B.Sc., 5s. 4d., from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

SCHOOLS

THE Chelsea Froebel School. (Recognised 1951.) Entire staff fully qualified. Pre-preparatory day school for children aged 4–9 years. 8 Elm Park Rd., Chelsea, S.W.3. (Flax. 9247.) Principal: Lady Edwards (H.N.F.U. Teacher's Certificate).

KING Alfred School (F. 1898). Prog. Co-Educ. Day School, ages 4 to 18. Recognised by Min. of Educ. 5-acre premises at Manor Wood, North End Rd., N.W.11.

THE Moorland School, Clitheroe, Lancs., is a co-educational boarding school, in a happy atmosphere and ideal surroundings, children from 4 to 13 are given a sound educational foundation.

PAGES School, Heathfield, Sussex. Co-educational. All ages. Exams., boarding.

TYLEHURST School, Forest Row, Sussex. Boys and Girls (5-13). Freedom, health and happiness as basis of education. Apply Dorothy Mumford, B.Sc.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

CAMBORNE Hotel, 61–63 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 0986. Charming, comfortable service rooms with board, reasonable.

BAYSWATER, W.2. Divan bed-sitting room in comfortable house with breakfast, lounge and service, double and single, H. & C., gas fires, ring, cooking facilities, telephone. Single 31/-, double 5-6gns. Telephone BAYswater 2542.

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29 West Cromwell Rd., London, S.W.5, offers comfortable board residence with special terms for permanent guests, also bed and breakfast. Terms reasonable. Phone FRObester 1000.

FURN. Flat vac. W.C.1. New, clean, suit prof. couple. 6gns. TER. 8161.

COMFORTABLE bed-sitting room offered to professional man in young couple's Hampstead flat. Tennis court available. £2 10s with breakfast. Phone MAI. 6828.

SINGLE and double accommodation with partial board available. A comfortable home with good food. Terms from 3½gns. Phone MAI 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

INEXPENSIVE, pied-à-terre, in well-kept house; divan room, phone, gas fire, bkfst. Gentleman from 3½gns. Moffat, 9 Beaufort Gdns., Knightsbridge, S.W.3. KEN. 4367.

DOUBLE and single divan bed-sitting rooms (constant H. & C. in each room). Bed & breakfast 5gns. or 4gns. including dinner, 32 Sussex Place, W.2. PAD. 0837.

KENSINGTON flat. Furnished room, c.h., c.h.w., breakfast. Extra facilities if applicant prepared eat on occasionally. Student preferred. Box 5336.

INTERNATIONAL Hostel, 1 Oldham Rd., W.10. LAD. 3104. 6s. 6d. night, 35s. p.w. Bed & Breakfast. Rooms shared.

STUDIO, 23ft. × 16ft., lofty, North light, unfurnished. Use well-appointed kitchen, bathroom. W.6., in lady's 2nd floor flat, Hampstead. Single tenant only. MAI. 5287.

ARBOS Guest. Heavily boxed residence. Comfortable lounge, wireless television. Phone ENT. 6822.

ORPINGTON. Elderly sisters seek amiable tenants of 4 negligible rent to occupy their ground floor flat. Furn. for two, with French windows to flower garden & almost self-contained. Refs. Box 5529.

FURN. Cottage, 6 rms., h. & c., mod. con., elec., in Suss. village nr. East Grinstead, London train, freq. buses; shops; superb country. From Oct. to Mar. Box 5489.

SELSEY, Sussex. Tiny white weather-boarded cottage, on edge of sea, available October to March. Exposed position but warm and comfortably furnished. 3 bedrms., living rm., bathroom, kitchen, sun-porch. Gas, elec. & water. 2½gns. weekly. Verney, Runwick House, Farnham, Surrey.

BRIGHT cottage furn. 3 rooms, kit., bathroom, all elec.; Sudbrook fishing village. 2½gns. p.w. To let Oct.–March. Box 5344.

FURNISHED Regency Cottage to let October–Easter. Four rooms and kitchen-bathroom. Gas-cooker. Acre. Multi-poss. All main services. 3 miles Tregaron. 2000ft. above estuary. But passes door. Write Morley Grange, Bishopstrington.

YOUNG prof. man reqs. bed-sit. London. Morn. & eve. meals preferred. Box 5271.

TWO professional women (Cambridge M.A.s) require unfurnished self-contained flat or part of house, 3 good-sized rooms, kitchen, bath, etc. North Surrey or S.W. London. Moderate inclusive rent. Miss Gardiner, 15 Hillside, Wimbledon, S.W.19.

COUPLE req. flat or rooms convenient City and Bolton. Box 5431.

26-YR. old woman bacteriologist requires flat or part of house/furn. flat, Watford-Elstree area. Box 5513.

ENTERTAINMENTS

SHAKESPEARE Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon. 92nd season. Evs. 7.30. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. All seats bookable, 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d. London Agents or Theatre.

ARTS (Tem. 3334) now re-open. Evngs. (ex. Mon.) 7.0; Sat. & Sun. 5.0 & 8.0 "Right Side Up." Membership 5s. yearly.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. Last week of "The Cradle Will Rock." Weds. to Suns. 7.30. Members only. Soon—"The Germans."

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Aug. 26, 7.30, "Furia" (A) (Italian).

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. Nightly at 7.30 until Sept. 22 (Suns. excepted). B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, London Symphony Orchestra. Conductors: Sir Malcolm Sargent, Basil Cameron. Tkts., 3s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. (res.) at Hall & Agents, 3s. (unres.) at Hall only. 2,000 Promenade, 2s., available nightly at doors only.

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Assocn. Concert Rumanian, English & Soviet music. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Tues., Aug. 28, 7.30. Aleph String Quartet. Alan Loveday, L. Cassini, Piano, Ed. Howitt, Clarinet. Tkts. 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., B.R.F.A., 101 Brosdhurst Gdns., N.W.6.

NEW works by Shostakovich (1st Ballet Suite) and Prokofiev (Cantata "In Defence of Peace"); recital of Soviet tape-recordings, Mon., Aug. 27, 7.45. S.C.R. 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. (behind Barkers).

HAMPSTEAD Artists Council: Painters' Party at Studio House, Rosslyn Hill, N.W.3. Sat. Aug. 25. Dancing, entertainment & refreshment 9 to 1. Adm. 2s. 6d.

WILLESDEN Music Festival, Nov. 26 to Dec. 1, 1951. Pianoforte, Vocal, Choral, Strings, Organ, Other Instrumental, Music Comps., Speech and Drama, Ballet, Folk Dancing. Cash awards, Trophies, Medals. Free Scholarships to Guildhall School of Music. Syllabus and all particulars from H. W. F. Hurris, Entertainments Manager, Town Hall, Dyne Road, Kilburn, N.W.6.

EXHIBITIONS

ART Exhibition & Competition (Oils and Watercolours) at the Willesden Festival Show, September 15 & 16, Roundwood Park, N.W.10. Attractive awards. Particulars, Entry Forms, from H. W. F. Harris, Ents. Manager, Town Hall, Dyne Rd., N.W.6.

GANYMED have just published a new 3' Turnstile Print of Jan Brueghel's "The Adoration of the Kings" from The National Gallery at £2 5s. plus purchase tax 14s. 3d. Copies on show at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Square. Part II of Artists of Paris and Provence. 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

A.I.A. Gallery, 15 Lisle St., Leicester Sq., Rosalie de Méric & William Hartwell. Daily 11-6, Sats. inc.

THE Tate Gallery. Theatrical Pictures from the Garrick Club. Until Sept. 9. Weekdays 10-6. Suns. 2-6. Licensed Restaurant.

BRITISH Abstracts, 1951. Gimpel Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. "Growth & Form." Dly. 10-6, Sat. inc. Last wk.

EXHIBITION of British Silverwork, including ceremonial plate, by contemporary craftsmen. Goldsmiths' Hall, Foster Lane, Cheapside. Open until August 31. 10.30 to 6.30 daily, except Sundays. Adm. 1s.

500 YEARS of English Literature in the Festival Exhibition of British Books, org. by the National Book League at the Victoria & Albert Museum. 10-6; Sun. 2.30-6.

BATTERSEA Park, L.C.C. International Open Air Sculpture Exhib. 10 till dusk daily. May-Sept. Adm. 1s., children 6d.

BRIGHTON Art Gallery—Sir Thomas Lawrence, P.R.A. Exhibition closes 7 p.m. August 26.

FESTIVAL Exhibition of Contemporary Furniture and Furnishings in rooms showing schemes for town and country living. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 20 Bruton St., W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30; Sats. 10-1.

TOULOUSE-Lautrec. Prints and Posters from the Chantwell Collection. Arts Council Exhibition. New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St. Open till Sept. 4. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Thur., 10-8. Adm. 1s.

LYONS Lithographs. Exhibition of the Second Series with original designs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open until September 1. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat., 10-6. Tues., Thur., 10-8. Adm. free.

R.B.A. Gallery, 6a Suffolk St., S.W.1. Ten Decades. Review of British taste from most academic to most advanced. 10-5 dly.

ARCHER Gallery, 303 Westbourne Grove, W.11. Pottery by Gwilym Thomas, till Aug. 31. Mon.-Sat., 10 a.m.-5 p.m. Paper Sculpture by F. Matyjaszkiewicz.

SICKERT Exhibition, South Library, Essex Rd., Islington. 10-6, Sats. 10-5. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"CHINA'S Nationalist Communism," by Andrew Roth, Mon., Aug. 27, 7.30, Asian Inst., 17, Irving St., Leicester Sq., 2s.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

G. J. RENIER on "Foreigners and the English Language," Saturday, August 25, at 3 p.m. Alan Pryce-Jones on "The Uses of Literary Criticism," Thursday, August 30, at 6.15. Lecture Hall, Victoria and Albert Museum, in connection with Festival Exhibition of Books.

ALL Nations Social Club. "Mahatma Gandhi" by Miss Agatha Harrison, who was a friend of Mahatma Gandhi. Questions and Discussion. Thursday, Aug. 30, 8 p.m. at Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, W.1. (behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. Sept. 1 at 6 p.m. Feature Film, "Tales of Manhattan."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall, every Tuesday, 7.30 p.m. August 28: "Mind in the Waking State—Feeling." All welcome.

"LIFE after Death" will be demonstrated by George Daisley at the Kingsway Hall, W.C.2., on September 8, at 6.30 p.m. B. J. Herrington, O.B.E., will outline the Road to World Peace as suggested from the Spirit World. Res. seats 5s., 3s. 6d. and 2s. Some free seats. Tkts. fr. Hon. Sec., Universal Brotherhood Federation, 133 Mulgrave Rd., Cheam, Sy., or Keith Prowse branches.

THEOSOPHY. Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Aug. 26: Mind Control.

HAMPSTEAD Peace with China Council. Protest Mtg. Japanese Peace Treaty. Hampstead Town Hall, Mon., Aug. 27, 7.30. Spkrs.: John Freeman, M.P., Aylmer Vallance.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

WORLD Spiritual Communist Congress for Peace and Unity, Holborn Hall, Sept. 3 to 9, 7 p.m. Programme from Secy., Vedanta Movement, 51 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

ECONOMICS. Twelve-lecture course planned to explain basic principles of economic science. Evgs. 7 to 9. Begins September 17. Fee 1 guinea. Enrol now or ask for further information. School of Economic Science, 11 Suffolk St., S.W.1. TRA. 6415.

BOYANUS School of Russian, 42 Doughty St., W.C.1 (nr. Russell Sq.). Special three weeks' Intensive and Practical Course in Spoken Russian, Sept. 3-21. Classes Monday to Friday 6.30-8. For Beginners and Students of all grades. Fee 2gns. For particulars apply to Secretary. Tel.: HOL. 6770. Normal Autumn Term begins Oct. 1.

LET'S experiment! Dance, drama, and painting week-ends at Beaulieu Park, Ipsden, Oxon, both for those who can and for those who think they can't but would like to. Dance & drama, Sept. 7-9. Painting & modelling, Sept. 21-23.

THE National Under-Fourteens Council announces a Part-time Training Course for workers in Junior Clubs and Play Centres, to be held in London from September, 1951, to July, 1952. The Course will be in charge of a qualified tutor. Further particulars from Donald Sutherland, 20 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

DENMARK. College Physical Education, Frederiksberg. One-year Winter Course for Men Teachers, conducted (in Eng.) by Svend Holtze. Recognised by Chief Inspector Phys. Educ., Denmark. Commencing Oct., 1951. Fee £225, incl. board. Write Principal.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive course, September, October. Day and Evening Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accommodation arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO 7347.

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A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman St., Marble Arch, W.1. MAY. 4640, 3805.

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PERSONAL

GERMAN girl wishes position nursemaid Jewish family 1 or 2 children, Golders Green, Hampstead, by mid-Sept. Box 5509.

STUDENT offered pleasant room, food and £1 a week in exchange for strictly half-time work as mother's help. Box 5445.

U.S.A. Oxford graduate, leaving shortly for year's residence, would consider literary or general commissions. Box 5557.

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WIDOW, 50's, working, regular N.S. & N. reader, can offer another in similar circumstances a bed-sitting room in modern block, with use of k. and b., c.h.w., c.h., in few months' time. Privacy respected and required, but companionship appreciated. Interests books, films, walking. Box 5559.

STUDIO accommodation and board offered practising potter in return for 2 hours per day at the craft with a few children. J. M. Aitkenhead, Kilquhanity House, Castle Douglas, Scotland.

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CÔTE d'Azur, to let in picturesque mountain village, sea view, charmingly furn. 2-rm. s.c. flatlet, mod. comf. Available beg. Oct. Rent £125 p.a. Box 5414.

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PERSONAL—continued

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INTERESTING Autumn holidays: A week at the Edinburgh Festival Sept. 1-8 with a small party of professional people is an ideal holiday for those with cultural and artistic interests; accommodation and tickets for three Festival performances reserved. Also Cornish holiday 2nd half September. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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